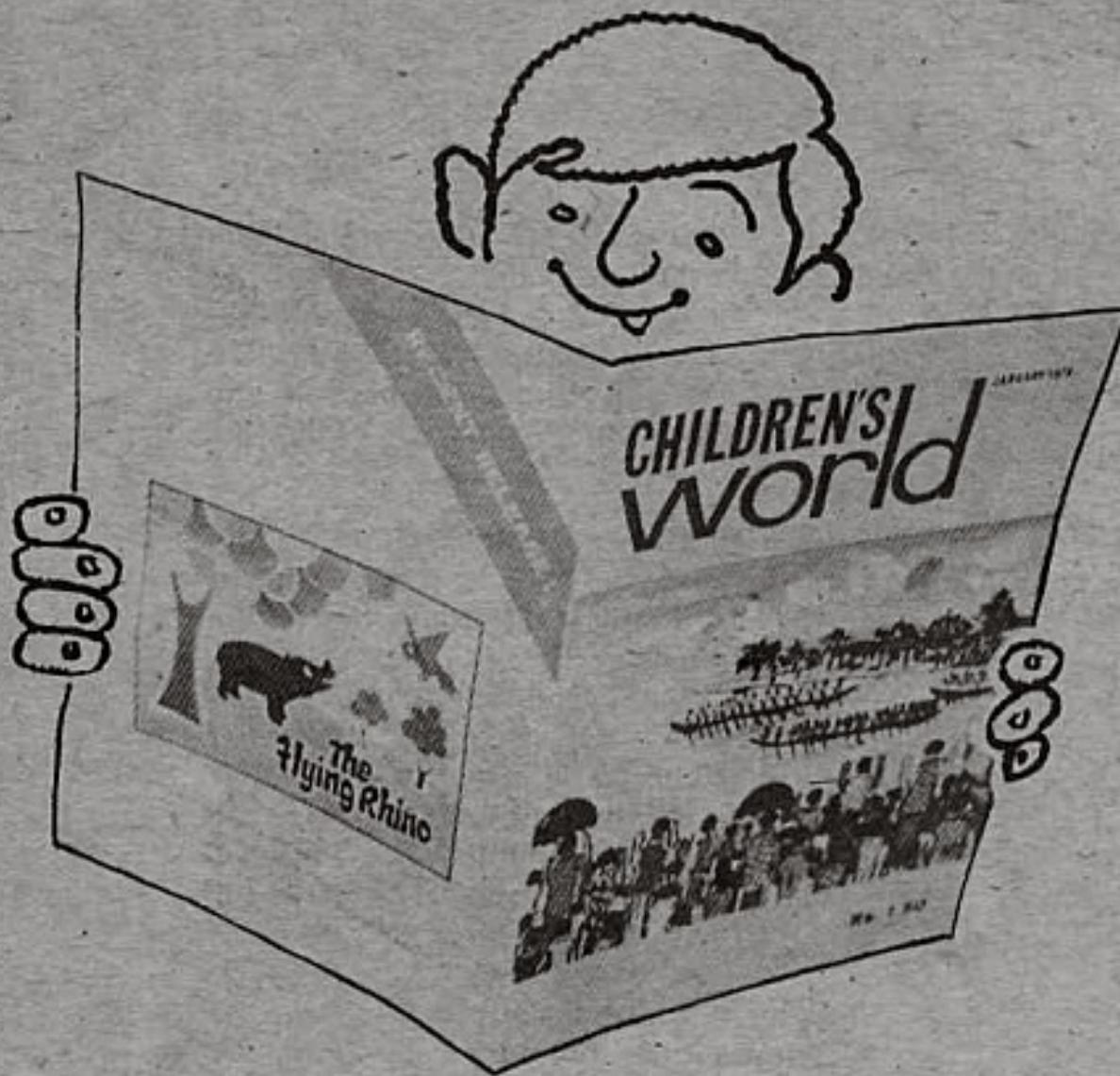


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CHANDAMAMA

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APRIL 1978

No. 10

Founder : CHAKRAPANI

SALUTE TO SHAKESPEARE!

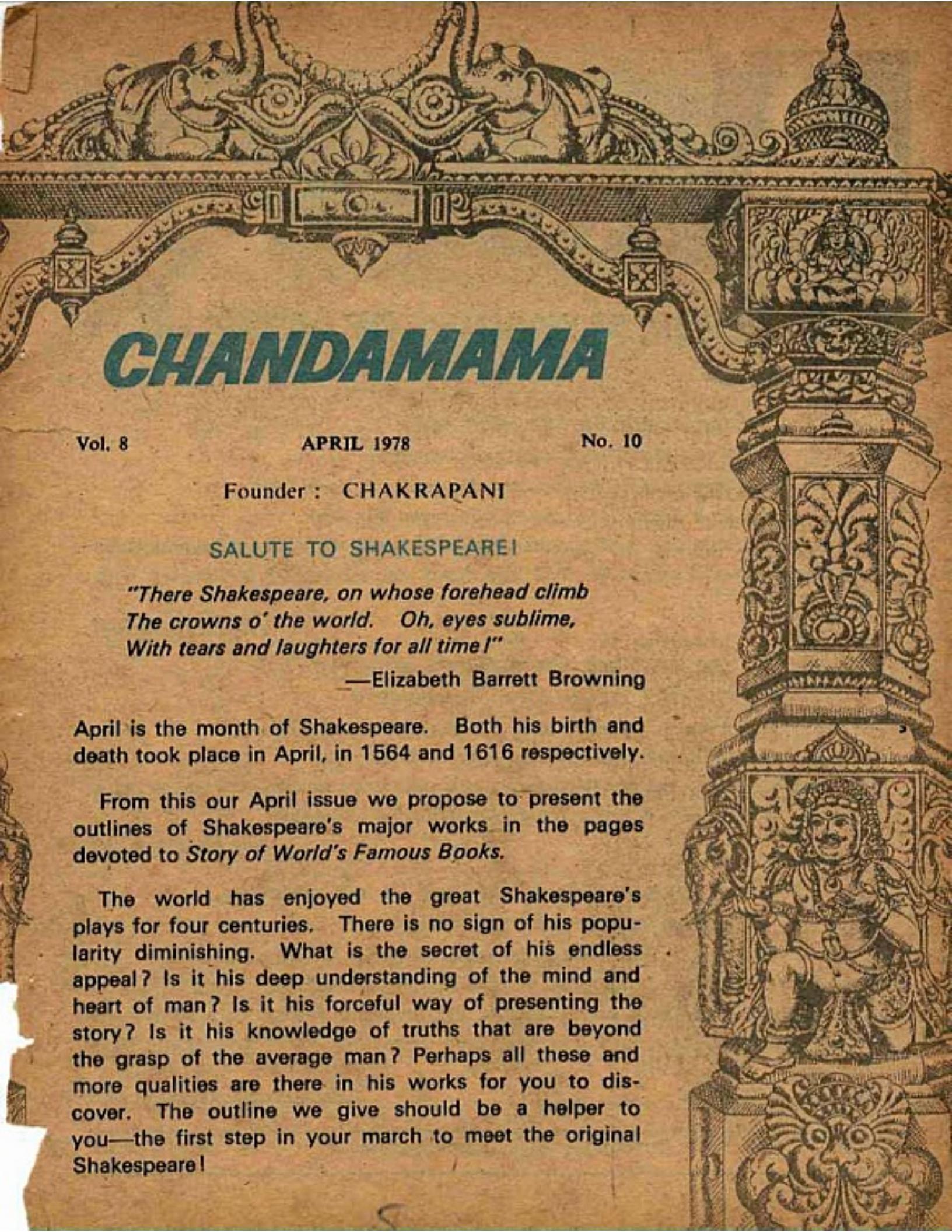
*"There Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughters for all time!"*

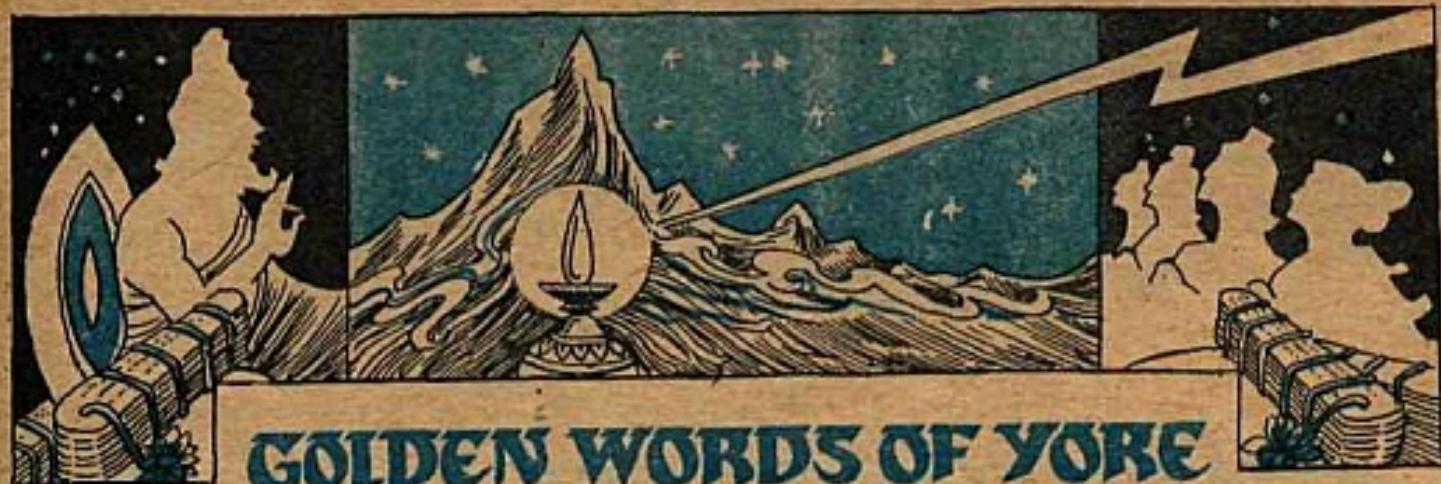
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

April is the month of Shakespeare. Both his birth and death took place in April, in 1564 and 1616 respectively.

From this our April issue we propose to present the outlines of Shakespeare's major works in the pages devoted to *Story of World's Famous Books*.

The world has enjoyed the great Shakespeare's plays for four centuries. There is no sign of his popularity diminishing. What is the secret of his endless appeal? Is it his deep understanding of the mind and heart of man? Is it his forceful way of presenting the story? Is it his knowledge of truths that are beyond the grasp of the average man? Perhaps all these and more qualities are there in his works for you to discover. The outline we give should be a helper to you—the first step in your march to meet the original Shakespeare!





GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

यात्यधोऽधो व्रजत्युच्चर्नरः स्वरेव कर्मभिः ।

कूपस्थ खनिता यद्वत् प्राकारस्येव कारकः ॥

*Yātyadho'dho vrajatyuccairnarah svaireva karmabhiḥ
Kūpasya khanitā yadvat prākārasyeva kārakah*

Just as a man who digs a well goes down and down while one who constructs a wall goes up and up, so do men sink lower or rise higher in keeping with what they do.

The Hitopadeshah

यस्य नास्ति स्वयं प्रज्ञा शास्त्रं तस्य करोति किम् ।

लोचनाभ्यां विहीनस्य दर्पणः कि करिष्यति ॥

*Yasya nāsti svayam prajñā śāstram tasya karoti kim
Locanābhyaṁ vihīnasya darpaṇaḥ kiṁ kariṣyati*

How can scriptures inspire wisdom in one who does not possess the same in himself? Is the mirror of any use to one who has no sight?

The Hitopadeshah

यो न ददाति न भुङ्कते सति विभवे नैव तस्य तद् द्रव्यम् ।

तृणमयकृत्रिमपुरुषो रक्षति शस्यं परस्यार्थं ॥

*Yo na dadāti na bhunkte sati vibhave naiva tasya tad dravyam
Trṇamayakṛtrimapuruṣo rakṣati śasyam parasyārthe*

A wealthy man who does not spend his wealth either for his own enjoyment or for others' benefit can be compared to a scarecrow which guards the crop of others.

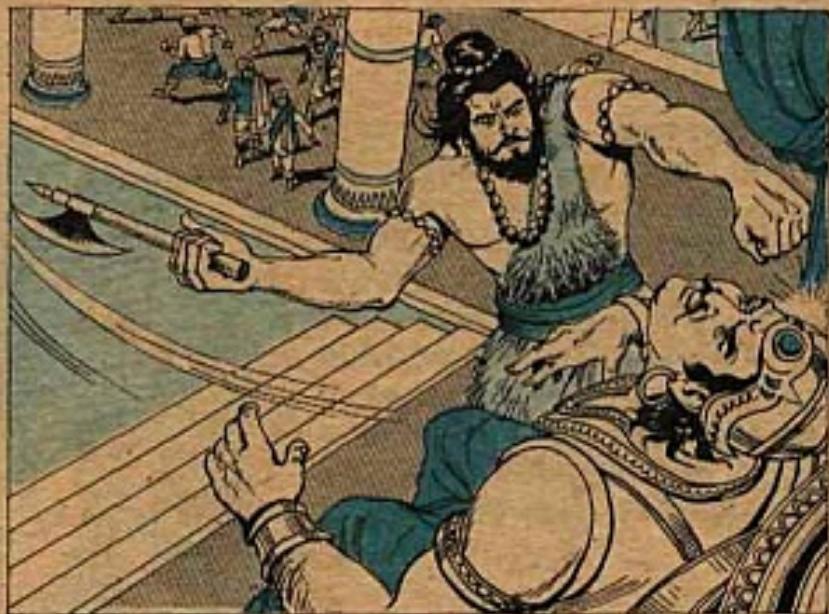
Subhasitaratnabhandagaram

AN AXE FOR THE TYRANTS!

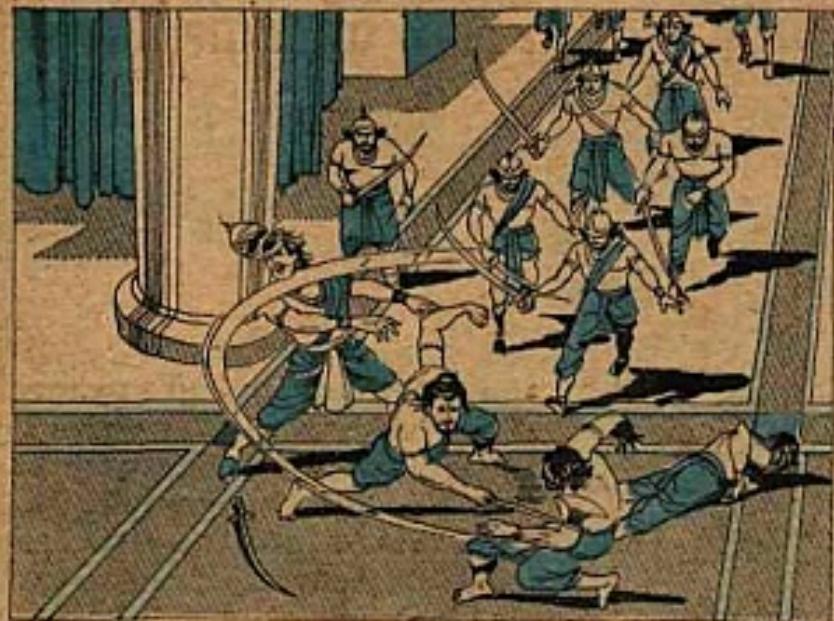


Sage Jamadagni had a peaceful Ashram in the forest. One day King Kartavirya, out on a hunting expedition, trespassed into the Ashram and destroyed it just for sake of fun.

Jamadagni's son, Rama, who was absent, got furious on his return. He picked up a Parasu or axe and marched to the king's palace and beheaded him. Ram became known as Parasurama.



Next day Kartavirya's sons entered the forest and killed Sage Jamadagni who then sat immersed in meditation. Parasurama was not present then.



Next day Parasurama confronted the princes and killed them all with his axe. Though a Brahmin, he surpassed all the princely heroes in valour and strength.

Parasurama was not content with avenging his father's murder. He realised that the princely class, the Kshatriyas, had grown awfully tyrannical and cruel in their nature. He decided to uproot the class as a whole. He was, in fact, the sixth Avatar of Vishnu, incarnated for this purpose.



Twentyone times did Parasurama carry on his mission of annihilation. He then sat near a lake which had turned red with the blood of the princes and completed the funeral rites of his father.

Thereafter he performed a Yajna and at the end, offered the lands he had conquered from the princes to Kashyapa, a great soul. He then went away to Mount Mahendra for penance.



Although the world was spared of the tyranny of the princely class that had gone astray, it was beset with fresh dangers from demons. They made havoc with the lives of the people.

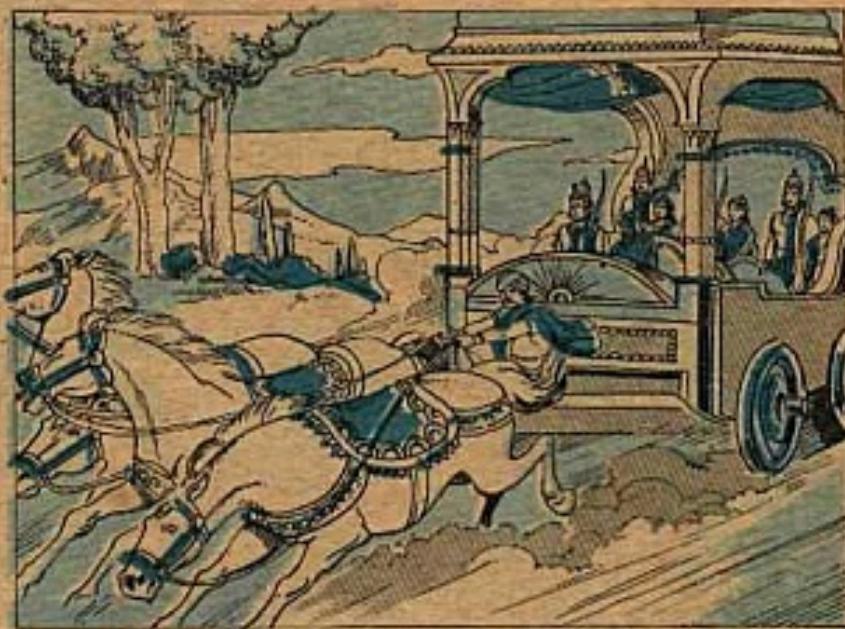
Parasurama came to know of the situation. He prayed to Shiva and obtained power from Him to destroy the demons. He then descended from Mount Mahendra.





Parasurama, more powerful than ever with Shiva's force, rushed to meet the demons. The mighty demons fell to his axe like blades of grass. The world was free from their menace.

Rama, the seventh Avatar of Vishnu, then a young prince of Ayodhya, married Sita after breaking the Bow of Shiva which was with King Janaka.



Parasurama confronted Rama and challenged him to wield the Bow of Vishnu which was in his possession. Rama easily broke it into two. Parasurama now realised who Rama was. He bowed to the new Avatar and, surrendering all his power to him, retired to the mountains.

DEATH OF A JESTER — NO JOKE!

In a certain city of China lived a tailor who was a jolly good fellow. Everyday he looked for some new amusement. His wife too was made of the same stuff.

One evening, while returning home from the bazar, he saw a dwarf hunchback. Instantly, he took a fascination for the little fellow. "It should be good fun to hear him talk of his life," he thought.

"Why not join me for dinner? We have some delicious fish stored in our kitchen," he told the dwarf.

"Why not," responded the dwarf with a broad smile. He introduced himself as the Sultan's jester. That flattered the tailor.

The tailor's wife was amused to see the dwarf. The dinner was spread out and the three sat down. The dwarf talked a



lot, but ate rather little. The tailor's wife, in her enthusiasm to make the guest eat well, thrust quite a large piece of fish into his mouth and kept his mouth shut with her palm until he swallowed it.

The fish contained a bit of sharp bone which got stuck in the dwarf's throat. He died.

The mishap was so unexpected and so sudden that the couple sat dumbfounded for a while. Upon recovering his wit the tailor said, "It is no joke to kill the Sultan's jester, even though unwittingly. We must get rid of the corpse."

"But how to carry it out of our house?" asked his anxious wife.

"I will carry it in my arms, covering it with a linen. Being small in size it will look like a boy. You should run after me, crying. To any passer-by's question we will say that our son is ill and that we are carrying him to a physician," explained the tailor.

They carried out the plan well. It was not very late at night when they reached the physician's house.

"Here is the physician's fee. Please call him out to examine our son," the tailor told a maid

who stood at the door-steps, giving her some money.

The physician and his wife had already sat down for dinner in the upper floor of their house and the maid was in a hurry to go upstairs and serve them.

"Wait here. My master will not take long to come and see your son," said the maid.

As soon as the maid entered the room at the top of the staircase, the tailor too climbed the stairs and placed the dwarf's corpse against the door. Then he and his wife slipped away.

A little later the physician pushed open the door. The



dwarf's corpse tumbled off and went rolling down the steps till it reached the bottom of the staircase.

The physician rushed down to examine him and found him dead. With great difficulty he carried the corpse to the upper floor and told his wife, "I never knew that this fellow sat leaning right against the door. He got killed because of a fall down the flight of stairs and his fall was due to my pushing open the door. Soon his parents will return and it will be a great scandal."

"We can say that we have

never seen him," proposed his wife.

"But what about the dead body?" asked the physician.

"Let us carry it over our roof and then fling it on to the neighbour's," said the wife.

The idea appealed to the physician. His neighbour was the kitchen-supervisor to the governor's household. He returned home quite late at night. From their own roof, the physician and his wife hurled the corpse into the kitchen-supervisor's house through an opening at the top of the wall made for letting in light and breeze.



The kitchen-supervisor was in the habit of transferring meat, butter and other food-stuff from the governor's house to his own. But often he found his store diminished. It was, of course, due to a family of robust rodents who had made their habitat under the supervisor's floor.

Merrily whistling, the supervisor returned at midnight and opened his house. As soon as he lighted the lamp, his eyes fell on somebody crouching in a corner with his face towards the wall.

"So, it is you who steal my food regularly, do you? At last you are caught red-handed!" exclaimed the supervisor and he picked up an iron-studded stick and used it on the culprit's head!

The dwarf's corpse fell sprawling on the ground.

"I have killed the fellow!" he whispered to himself. There was no time to lose. He dragged the body out. At the end of a dark lane he made the corpse stand against the wall of a shop. In the dim moonlight he saw a turban lying on the road. Without much thought, he picked it up and placed it on the dead body's head and

ran away.

Now, the turban belonged to an officer of the Sultan. A little while ago he had passed by that lane, thoroughly drunk. The turban had fallen off his unsteady head. But when he found it missing, he returned falteringly in search of it.

His bleary eyes soon fell on the dead body wearing the turban! "You thief! How dare you pinch my turban!" shouted the officer. Boozed as he was, he began raining blows on the corpse, shouting all the while for the city guards to come and arrest the thief.

The guards rushed to the spot and checked the officer. But they found the supposed culprit dead.

"You can't kill a fellow for stealing your turban, even though it is an officer's turban!" they said grimly and put the officer under arrest.

In the morning it was the first case to be reported to the governor. He ordered the officer to be hanged instantly, for the fellow he had killed was no other than the Sultan's jester.

And, according to the custom, the proposed hanging was announced with the beating of drums. A large crowd col-

lected. The hangman put the noose around the officer's neck.

"Please stop. It is I who killed the dwarf, not the officer," shouted the governor's kitchen-supervisor, wading his way through the crowd. "I killed one man. I do not want a second man to be killed on my account."

He then narrated how he left the corpse at the end of the lane. The governor altered his order and now it was the supervisor who was to be hanged. But soon came forth the physician claiming that it was he who had killed the dwarf.

But before the physician had

been hanged there arrived the tailor and the governor had no reason to disbelieve his story either. So, it was decided that if anybody it was the tailor who was to be hanged.

Meanwhile the news of the jester's death had reached the Sultan. He rushed to the place of execution and heard all that the four confessors had to say.

"My great good jester, even in his death, made a good fun of these people. Nobody need be hanged," announced the Sultan as he heaved a sigh and wiped his eyes after a last glimpse of the dwarf.





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

THE TRUE MIRACLE

It was the suburb of the town. The time was evening. A merchant had just closed his shop. He locked the door and turned to go home, holding in his hand a small canvas bag that contained a good deal of cash.

Suddenly, before he could realise what was happening, a young man came dashing at him and snatched away the bag and ran away.

The merchant raised a hue and cry. Passers-by chased the thief. The young culprit ran zigzag, but was ultimately caught.

He was dragged to the office of the Police Chief of the town.

In the presence of the chief his captors loosened their grip on him. He at once caught hold of the Chief's feet and

prayed to be pardoned and freed.

But the angry and arrogant officer gave him a hard kick. He was flung away. And he did not lose the opportunity which the situation presented. He got up and began to run.

He was chased again, this time by several policemen. But now he ran desperately. In the darkness he changed his direction several times thereby evading his pursuers.

He soon left the town behind and headed towards a forest. But before he had entered the forest he could hear the sound of the foot-steps of the policemen behind him. On the roadside was a small mountain. A ray of light fell on the road coming from a cave. When the young

man realised that escape will be difficult, he crept into the cave.

There was a lamp burning inside the cave. A piece of ochre cloth hung from the wall. The young man pulled out the cloth and covered with it the upper part of his body and pretended to sit in meditation.

A moment later two policemen came in. They knew that a pious hermit lived in that cave. In the dim and flickering light they mistook the thief to be the hermit and bowed to him and asked, "Did you by any chance come across a young man who must have looked like one in distress?"

"No," answered the thief gravely.

"We are so sorry to disturb you, O great soul!" said the policemen and they prostrated themselves to the thief and departed.

The thief heaved a sigh of relief and felt quite amused at the humility of the policemen. Suddenly a thought struck him: "If even by pretending to be a hermit I could be safe and could command the respect of others, how much more safe I can be and how much more an object of respect, if I turn a hermit truly!"

The hermit who lived in the cave had gone out for a stroll.



As soon as he returned, the young thief fell at his feet and said, "I pray, allow me to stay with you and serve you."

The kind-hearted hermit accepted him as his disciple. The young man, through his sincerity, drew the maximum help out of his guru and became an enlightened soul himself.

Years passed and the guru passed away. But the disciple, who had become well-known as a hermit himself, continued to live in that cave. He was widely respected.

One day, at the invitation of one of his disciples, he visited the town. Many people came to meet him at the disciple's house. They asked him several questions and he satisfied them with his simple answers.

One old man who sat in the small crowd, listening to the

hermit's discourses, at last prostrated himself to the hermit, as others did, and said, "O sage, it will be a miracle if I can come anywhere near God. I have lived a life which was far from the nobler values of life. I was the Police Chief of this town. I am now retired."

"Miracles do take place, my friend! One day I had touched your feet and you had kicked me hard. Today you touch my feet! Is this not verily a miracle? And, why can't you turn to God? If I, who was a thief, could turn to Him, why can't you who were a catcher of thieves turn to Him?" said the hermit, laughing.

The old man sat puzzled. But the hermit did not hesitate to remind him of the episode that took place decades ago.

The old man hugged the hermit's feet again and wept.



ASOKA THE GREAT

Upon the vast plains of Kalinga, not far from the modern city of Bhuvaneswar, was being fought a war, the like of which the country had never known.

It was the emperor of Magadha who had invaded Kalinga, then a peaceful and prosperous empire. The invasion was bloody and brutal. The young emperor himself who led the army of Magadha was reputed to have ascended the throne through a blood-bath. He had killed ninetynine brothers of his!

He knew no mercy. The people of Kalinga fought back bravely, but being unprepared for such a situation, they were routed. One lakh people were killed. The water of the narrow river that flowed through the battle-field turned red.

The young invader stood on a hill and saw the consequence of his invasion. The horizon was blinded and the sky was darkened by fire and smoke rising from hundreds of villages around. And through the fire, his soldiers dragged their prisoners - not by the hundreds

but by the thousands. In fact, the young emperor had been informed that one lakh and fifty thousand people had been taken captive!

There were violent shouts of triumph from the camp of his soldiers who had plundered the prosperous Kalinga to their hearts' content. But such shouts were often subdued by the cries of agony from the dying and the wailing of those rendered miserable.

Suddenly the young invader was overwhelmed by a strange feeling of melancholy. What will be the benefit from this massacre? Kalinga would be annexed to his empire. But for how long? Tomorrow, when his power would weaken, the Kalinga army would march upon Magadha to avenge their defeat. Violence will breed violence. Wars will repeat in a vicious circle.

But, if violence breeds violence, cannot love breed love? Yes, it can. Such an assurance came to him from the message of Buddha. Back at Pataliputra, the capital of Magadha, the

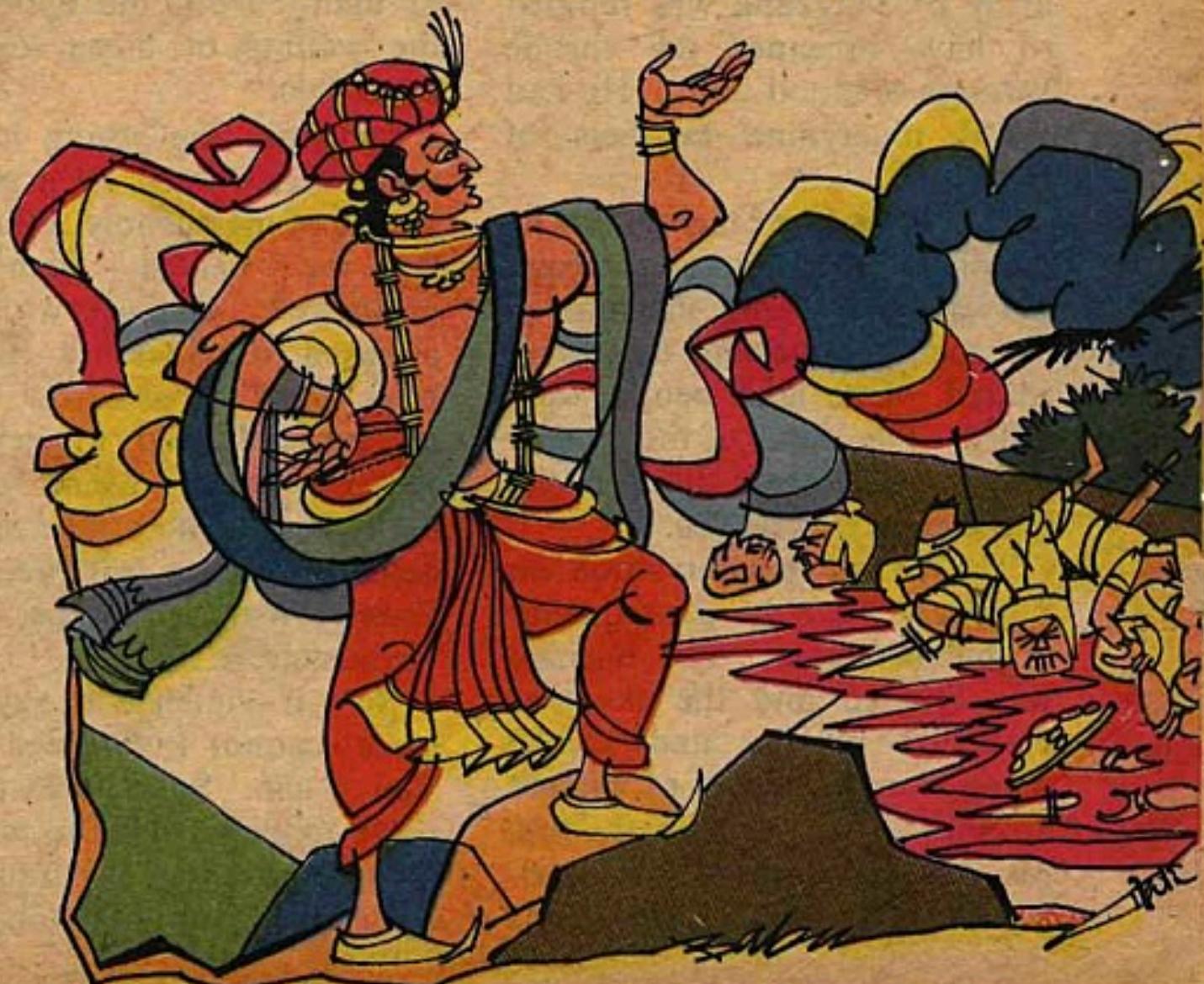
emperor threw away his sword, never to pick it up! His name was Asoka, generally, known as Chandasoka—Asoka the Terrible; but he turned into Dharmasoka—Asoka the pious.

This was in 262 B.C.

Most probably it was Upagupta, a great Buddhist saint, who initiated Asoka to Buddhism. Inspired by the ideal, Asoka forbade sacrifice of animals throughout his empire. He employed a large number of officers known as *Dharma Mahamatras*, to act as the mes-

sengers of truth. They spread the virtue of righteous living, courteous conduct and non-violence among the people. He also convened a great conference of the Buddhist scholars and monks in 253 B.C. which was held under the presidentship of Upagupta.

He constructed thousands of *Stupas* (such as are to be found at Sanchi and Sarnath), *Viharas*, monasteries and pillars adorned with excellent sculpture but bearing important inscriptions. These inscriptions high-



lighted the moral principles by which the people should be guided. At the same time they gave the government officers their codes of conduct.

One of the inscriptions reads: "All the people are my children. Hence, as a father desires prosperity and happiness for his children in this world and in the world next, I desire prosperity and happiness for all the people".

Vast was Asoka's empire, extending from the Hindukush in the north-west to Bengal in the

east and from the foot of the Himalayas in the north to the river Pennar in the south. His inscriptions have been found at such distant places as Qandahar and Jalalabad in Afghanistan. Asoka sent ambassadors to different countries with the message of Buddha. His son Mahendra and daughter Sanghamitra are believed to have gone on a goodwill mission to Sri Lanka. Thus to Asoka is due the popularisation of Buddhism. History mentions him as Asoka the Great.



The Prince and the Wizard

4

[It was the birthday of Princess Pratiba. In the court, she is greeted with presents and praise. But she slips into the orchard with her maids. There they encounter a tiger that has just escaped from the royal zoo. They look up to Samser who desires to marry the princess, to save them. But he flees. However, Badal and Ramu who were hiding in a tree, came to their rescue. The tiger is recaptured. Samser tries to arrest Badal and Ramu. But they escape.]

"You nincompoops, how did you fail to catch hold of those trespassers?" demanded King Bhuvansingh of the sentries who guarded the orchard. Samser stood by the king's side raising his accusing finger at them.

"My lord, one was like a leopard, swift and daring," said one of the sentries.

"And the other one was like a hound, my lord, swift and cunning," said the other sentry.

"And you both were like donkeys, isn't it? From the palace terrace we could hear you bray!" commented the king.

"My lord! We never opened our mouths. It was..." the first sentry stopped midway.

"It is I who shouted. And I shouted with so much force and fury that the trespassers

did not know how to run for their lives," boasted Samser.

"If it is you who yelled, you are the best yeller in the kingdom," said the king with a sigh. "But we wish those who ran away were known to us. We shall love to have such brave young men in our service."

When King Bhuvansingh was marvelling at the feats of Badal and Ramu in his palace, miles away from the city, Badal and Ramu too were talking about the princess and their adventure into the orchard.

Ringed by hills and surrounded by a dense forest was a cluster of huts and caves. There were gorges and fearful precipices around. A murmuring brook was visible at different

places through openings in the hills. Pure and cool was its water which satisfied the thirst of the people who dwelt in those huts and caves.

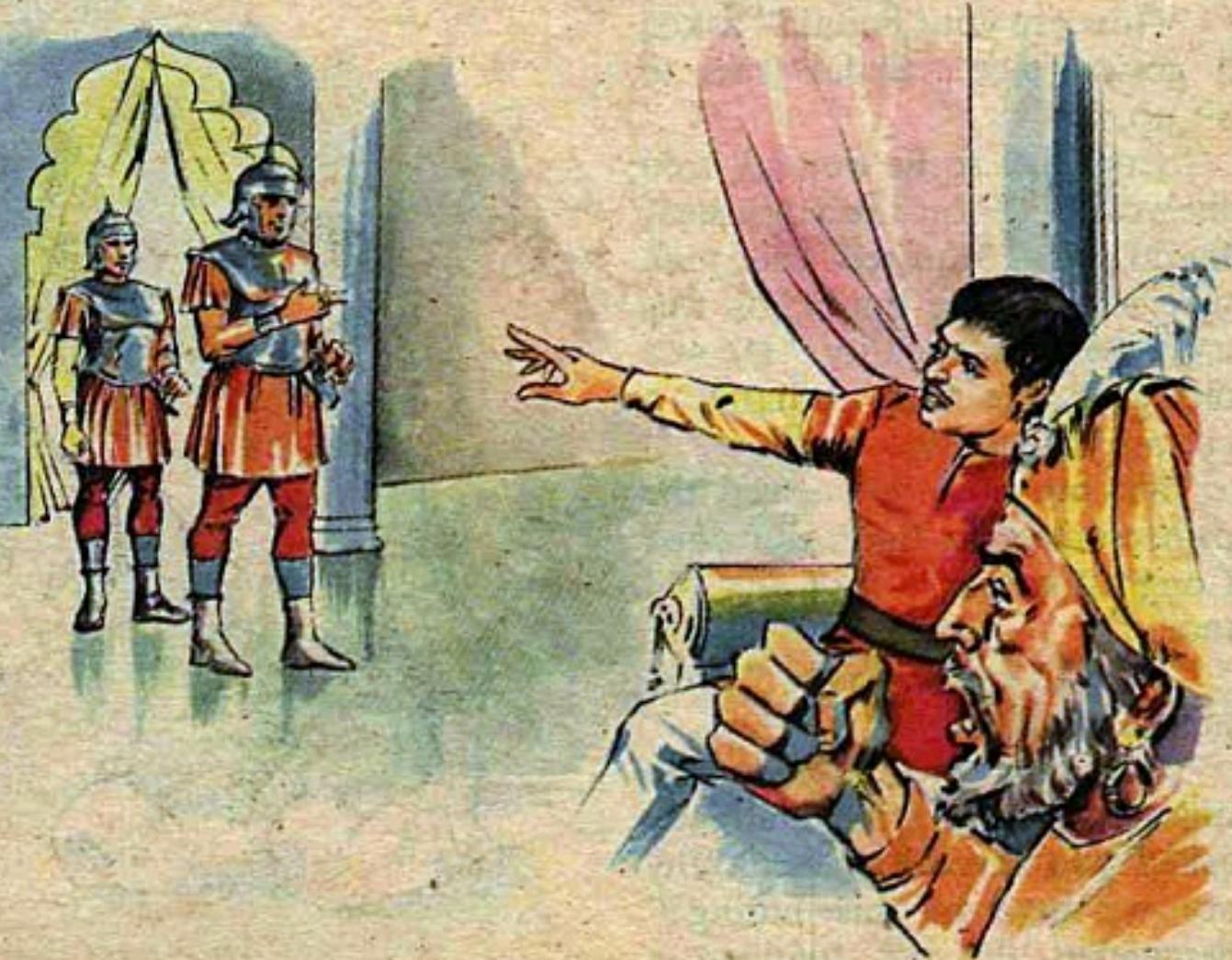
But who were those mysterious forest-dwellers? Very few people beyond the forest knew anything about them. Their colony was almost inaccessible to the people of the plains.

What did these forest-dwellers do? They practised archery, wrestling and fencing. Most of them were young. It seemed

they had some secret mission to accomplish and they were bidding time for it.

But when will that time come? They did not know. They waited for the word from an old man whom they revered and called Master.

It was early part of the night. In the courtyard of a cottage some of the young men were wrestling. There were torches burning around them. Their sweating muscles glistened in the flickering light.



"Carry on. Do the full course," shouted Badal from a bed inside a hut. His wrestle with the tiger in the royal orchard had caused him some minor wounds. That is why he was not able to stand and direct the trainees as he was bound to do. But he kept an eye on them through the window.

"They will carry on their practice all right. You better try to sleep. You need good rest," Ramu told Badal while giving a massage to his legs.

"How are you, Badal?" asked a grave voice. Badal tried to sit up.

"Continue to lie down," said the voice. Soon the lamp near Badal's bed showed the man who entered the hut. His was a magnetic personality. He was old, but his face radiated a certain brightness.

"So, my boy, you saved the princess from a tiger, did you? Congratulations," said the old man.

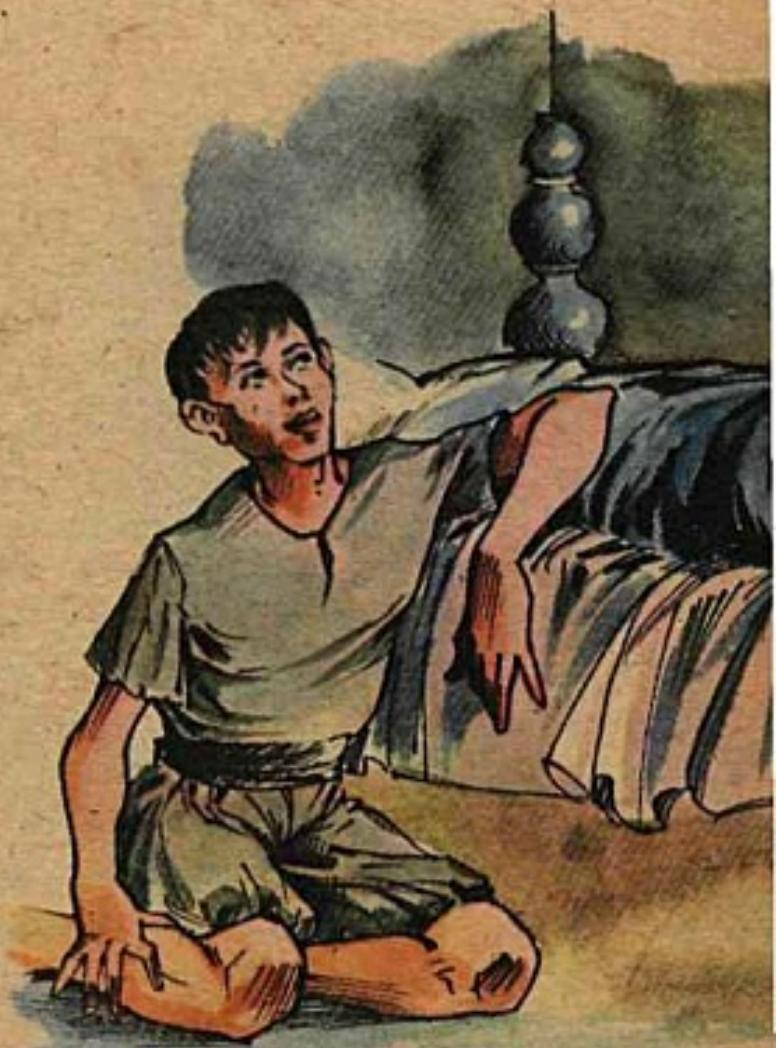
"Thank you, Master," responded Badal.

"But again I will ask you the question which I have already asked you several times. Why are we here in this hiding?" demanded the old man in a

grim tone.

"To avenge the death of our fathers and grandfathers in the hands of King Bhuvansingh's father, Raghav Singh, who usurped the throne treacherously from Veersingh, the rightful king," answered Badal.

"Right. You are the children and grandchildren of the noblemen who died with King Veersingh. Now, my boy, you are the leader of the rebel



youths who are preparing themselves here in this hiding for the final battle. By all means you should visit the palace again and again and familiarise yourself with its surrounding. That will be useful in future, when we launch our attack. But should you do something risky untimely which could endanger your life?" asked the old man.

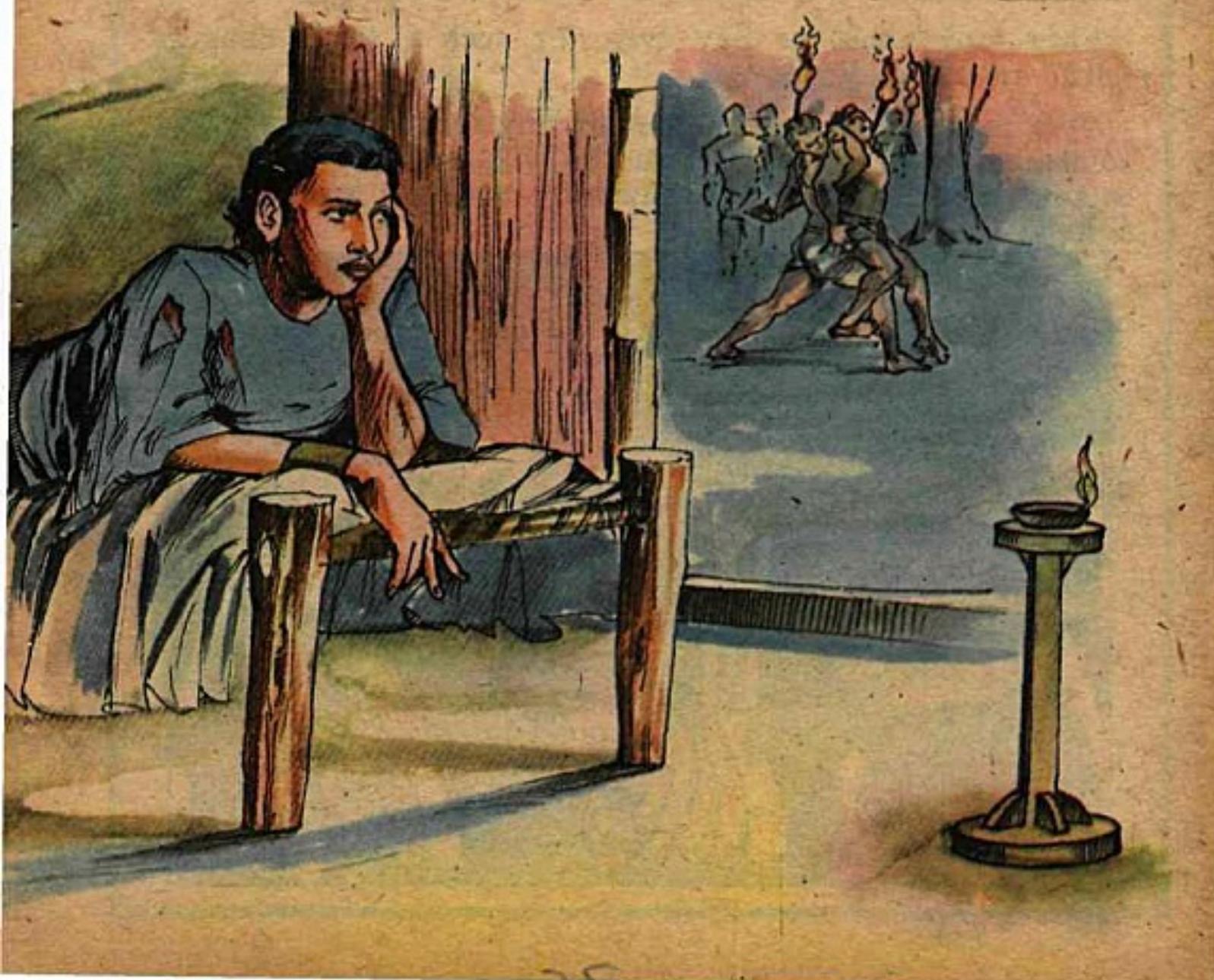
Badal kept quiet. But after a little hemming, Ramu said,

"Master, he did not do anything untimely. The mangoes in the royal orchard were quite ripe and they looked so inviting! It was high time we ate them."

Badal gave Ramu a mild kick and said politely, "Master, I promise to be cautious in future."

The old man smiled and gave a pat to Badal.

(To be continued)



HOW TYRANNY BEGINS

A great Sultan once went into a forest for hunting. At noon his party raised tents over a small open ground in the midst of the forest and prepared for cooking.

Only then it was found that they had forgotten to bring salt with them.

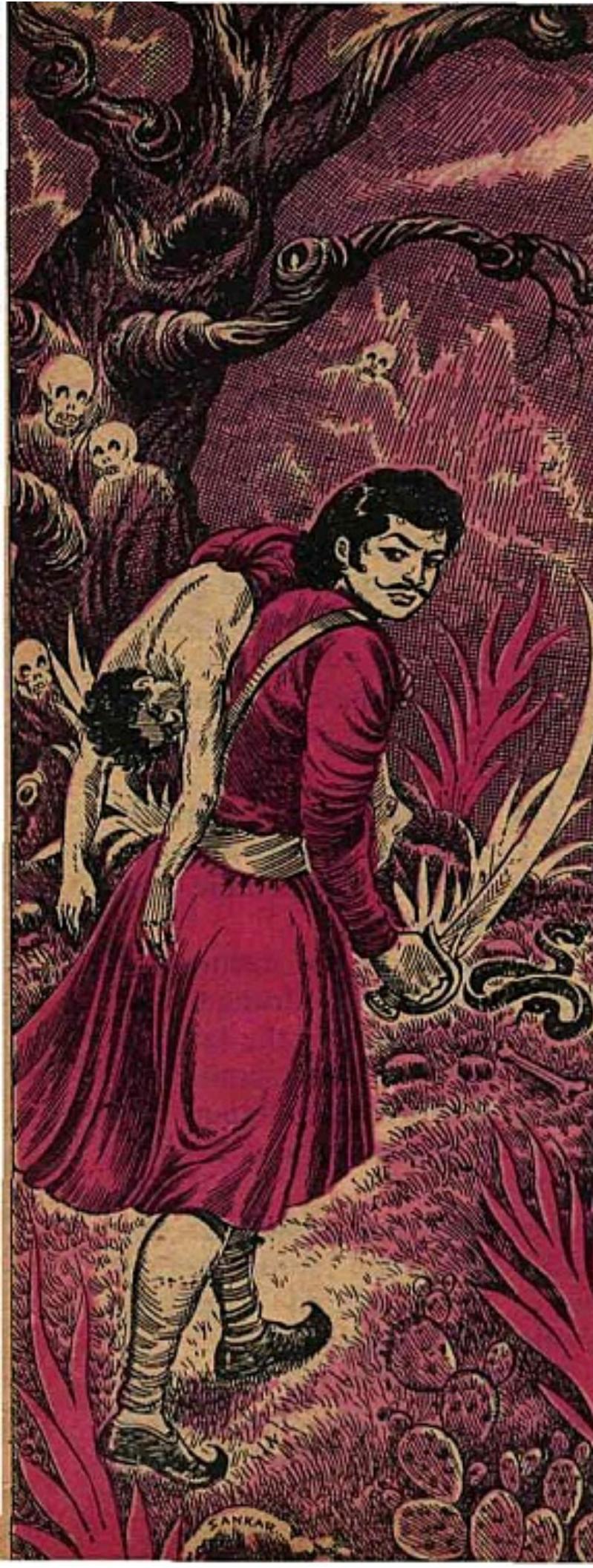
"That is no problem. We can get as much salt as necessary from the nearby village," said the Vizier and he directed two of the servants to rush for the same.

"Wait," said the Sultan. He then enquired how much salt was necessary and what would be the price. He instructed the attendants to pay double the price to the villagers.

"My lord, must we pay even for such a small thing as salt?" asked the Vizier.

"We must. If we don't, tomorrow my son would take away something more valuable from the villagers and won't care to pay for that. That is how tyranny begins," explained the Sultan.





New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire

A CURE FOR THE ROYAL BOIL!

King Vikram returned to the desolate tree. Terrible was the night with whipping wind, roaring thunder and intermittent showers. Flashes of lightning revealed weird faces all around. Hyenas screamed and jackals howled. The king, however, did not wince. He climbed the tree and brought down the corpse.

But as soon as he began crossing the huge cremation ground, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I don't know the purpose of your taking such pains. You perhaps belong to the category of King Manikya Verma who too was mysterious in his conduct. Well, let me narrate his story to you. That might lighten your burden."

The vampire went on: Manikya Verma, the intelligent and wise king of Saptasagar,



once fell sick. A boil cropped up on his spine and that was quite painful.

The court physician treated the king with medicines, but to no avail. Several other celebrated physicians of the land were summoned. They too did their best. But the boil seemed deep-rooted and their treatment brought no relief to the king.

A boil on the spine could prove dangerous. The king, naturally, was much worried. Nothing could divert his attention from his ailment.

One evening a stranger met him. He introduced himself as a physician and claimed that

given a chance, he can cure him of the boil.

"Experts have proved unsuccessful. How dare you claim to cure me?" asked the king.

"I know how to prepare a highly sophisticated medicine. If I am given enough money, I can start preparing it. I will take on more than a week," said the stranger confidently.

"How much money do you need?" asked the king.

"I require five hundred rupees for preparing the medicine. When you are cured, you may be pleased to give me another five hundred as my fees," replied the stranger.

The king gave him five hundred rupees and made arrangements for his comfortable stay in the palace.

Next day, in the evening, a poor man met the stranger and said, "My disease is the same as the king's. I understand that you have undertaken to cure the king. I appeal to you to cure me too."

The stranger looked at the poor man who stood before him in tattered clothes. Evidently, he was moved.

"Twelve miles to the west there is a forest. There is a lake in the forest. On the

eastern bank of the lake you will find a number of *Chandra-mukhi* plants with fragrant leaves semi-circular in appearance. Chew a few leaves early in the morning. Crush a few more and spread them on your boil. You will be cured in two days," said the stranger.

The poor man left him after thanking him.

A week later the stranger met the king and said that he was now prepared to begin the treatment.

"But I am already cured!" said the king and he rewarded the stranger with five thousand rupees. The stranger gazed at

the king for a while and then departed, smiling.

The vampire paused and demanded of King Vikram, "Tell me, O King, why did King Manikya Verma reward the stranger when he had been cured before the stranger began his treatment? Then, is it not strange that the stranger should accept the reward as though he deserved it? What was the mystery of his smile? I challenge you to answer the questions, O King. If you choose to keep mum despite knowing the answers, your head would roll off your neck."

Answered King Vikram: "The



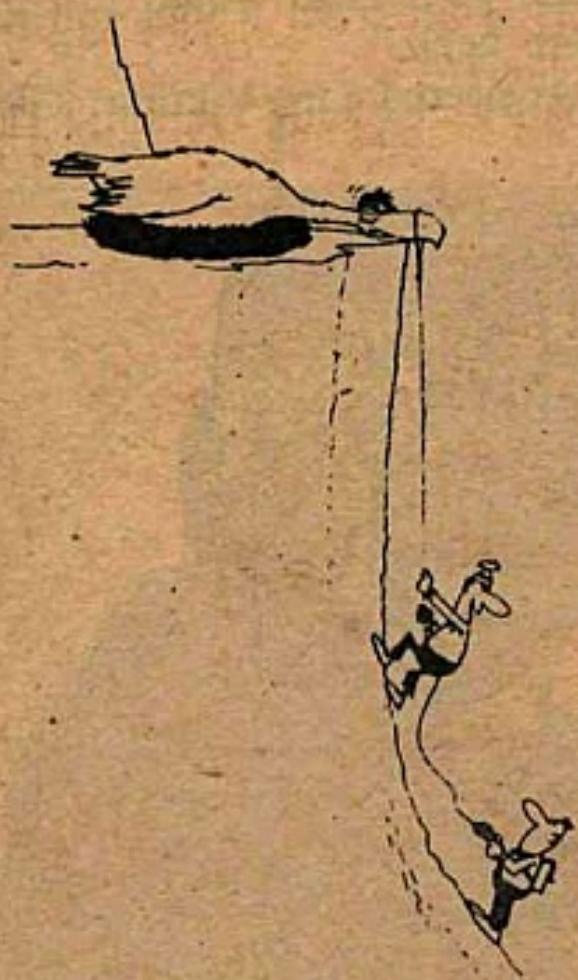


poor man who met the stranger was none other than the king in disguise. The king wanted to test the stranger. Had the

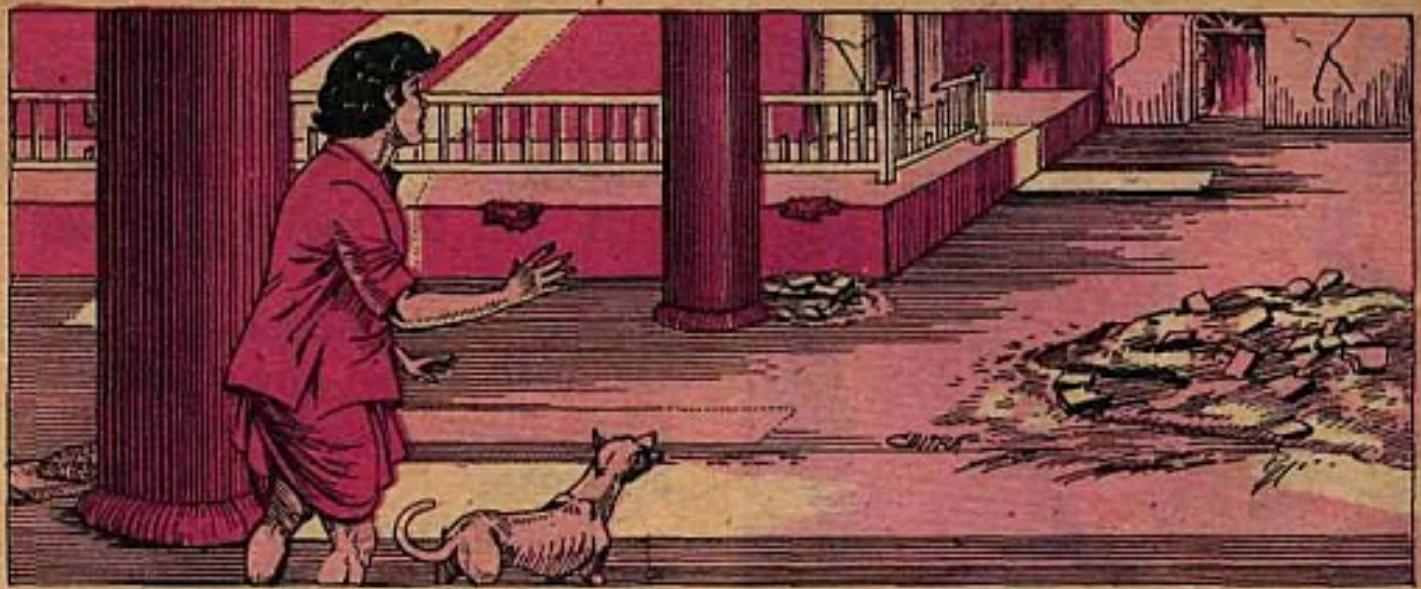
fellow been a hoax whose desire was to swindle the king, he would not have cared to help a 'poor man'. The disguise king followed his direction and got cured. He realised that the stranger had demanded five hundred rupees as the medicine's value and had wanted a week to prepare it just to give him the impression that he was preparing something highly sophisticated. He was afraid that the king would pooh-pooh his prescription of a few leaves!

"The stranger gazed at the king and understood that it was he who had met him in the disguise of the poor man. That is why he accepted the reward without hesitation. That explains his smile."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



"Come on—it's quite safe!"



THE HAUNTED HOUSE

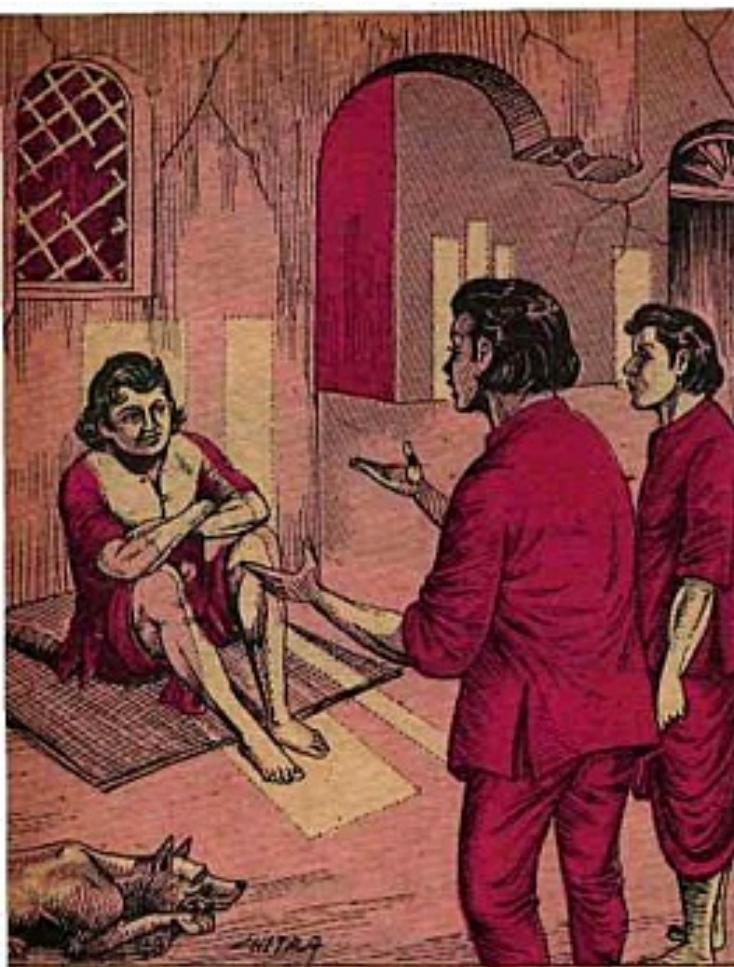
The people of the village Shyampeth were beset with two fears. At the centre of the village stood a deserted mansion. Once a landlord had built it, but he could not occupy it as he died untimely. Members of his family never cared to come there. In ruins, the mansion became notorious as a haunted house. People thought that a number of ghosts made the building their headquarters and roamed about at night in the village.

There were so many stories about ghosts; Some saw female ghosts and some saw male ones. According to some, they looked fearful; according others they looked remorseful. But if you closely examined anybody and tried

to find out how many ghosts he had seen and how they looked, it would invariably be found out that he had not seen them personally, but had come to know about them from someone who had seen them.

Their second fear was for burglars. The village became an easy haunt for burglars, because afraid of ghosts, the villagers did not dare to come out of their homes after the darkness fell, unless they had some very urgent work to do.

Kishan was born at Shyampeth, but losing his parents in his childhood, he lived at his maternal uncle's house in the town. Years later he grew a desire to see his ancestral village.



With his pet dog he paid a visit to Shampeth.

Nobody recognised him. He also did not wish to accept anybody's hospitality. He went to live in the deserted mansion and had his food at the village inn.

"You must be knowing some secret of befriending the ghosts. You could not have occupied the haunted house otherwise!" the village headman told him when he heard about the boy's daring.

"Perhaps I know!" said Kishan with a mysterious smile.

"Well, if you can persuade the ghosts to leave the mansion

I will reward you on behalf of the villagers," proposed the headman.

"I will do that," promised Kishan.

"And what about burglars? Do you know any magic to scare them away?" asked the headman.

"I can put an end both to the terror of ghosts and that of the burglars if you do as I say. Please make an announcement that nobody should come out of his house after the first quarter of the night. If anyone does, I will capture him. Nobody should mind my action," said Kishan.

The headman made the necessary announcement.

Kishan patrolled the village streets at night. Whoever came out of his house after the first quarter of the night was led by him into the haunted house. Every night he found four or five persons to be detained in the mansion.

Two young men of the village who were captured by him several times told him, "Brother, we are happy to find no ghost here. We can regularly pass our nights here."

"Why, have you no house of your own?" asked Kishan.

"We have lost it to the money-lender. Our father had borrowed a thousand rupees from him. Although he refunded the amount in due time, the money-lender did not return the document. After our father's death he took over our house against the loans!" said the young men.

Kishan believed them and learnt that their father's name was Hari. Next day he met the headman and reported, "All the ghosts, excepting one, have left the mansion. The one who refuses to leave is the spirit of a certain Hari. He says that he has a grievance against the money-lender. He will leave the mansion only after sucking the money-lender's blood, unless the latter atones for the injustice done to his sons!"

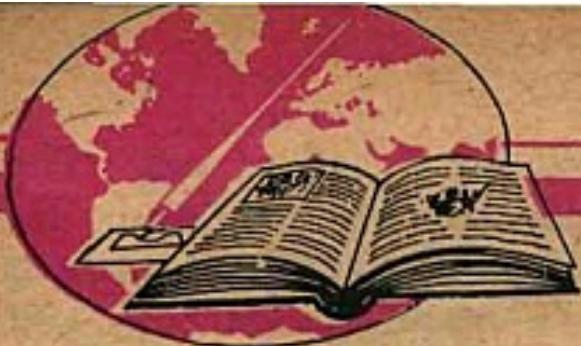
The headman called the money-lender and told him what

Hari's ghost had to say. The money-lender's face paled. He confessed his fraud and restored Hari's house to his sons and paid them a thousand rupees in the way of atoning for his misdeed.

Thereafter Kishan declared that all the ghosts had left the mansion. Nobody disbelieved him, because, by detaining batches of people in the mansion every night, he had proved to them that there were no ghosts in the house.

Burglars had stopped visiting the village because of his patrolling. He instructed the youths of the village to continue patrolling for some more time and left for the town, along with his dog. He carried with him not only a handsome reward, but also the gratefulness of the people.





MACBETH

It was a foggy day. Through the desolate rocky heath of Scotland two generals of King Duncan were returning home after defeating in a battle the enemy of their king. They were Macbeth and Banquo.

Suddenly they saw three witches. These weird creatures hailed Macbeth as thane of Glamis, thane of Cawdor, and king hereafter. So far as Banquo was concerned, they said that his descendants will be kings.

Macbeth was already thane of Glamis. Soon news reached him that the king had made him thane of Cawdor. This inflamed in him the desire to become the king.

And his ambitious wife, Lady Macbeth, did everything to strengthen this desire. Soon King Duncan became Macbeth's guest, to honour him. The couple took advantage of the situation. The royal guest was murdered. His sons fled the

land. Macbeth ascended the throne.

Banquo was the only man who knew of the witches' prophecy. It was natural for him to suspect Macbeth of Duncan's murder. Macbeth invited him to a banquet. On his way to attend it, the noble lord was killed by murderers employed by Macbeth.

But something unexpected happened. Banquo's ghost occupied a seat in the banquet and glared at Macbeth. Although others could not see the ghost, Macbeth saw it and got unnerved. His behaviour gave out his guilt before the assembly of noblemen.

Macduff, a powerful noble, goes over to England and conspires with Duncan's sons to overthrow Macbeth. Angry over this, Macbeth gets Macduff's wife and children murdered.

Haunted by a sense of insecurity, Macbeth seeks out the witches and desires to know his



future. They show him some apparitions and warn him against Macduff. Then they assure him that "none of woman born" can harm him and that he would be safe until Birnam forest moved towards the high hills.

Lady Macbeth goes mad under the terrible pressure of her own sin and ultimately dies. A lone Macbeth hears about the invasion of his land by the English army. The advancing soldiers hide themselves under branches broken from the Birnam forest and that gives the impression of the forest moving! Macbeth at last faces Macduff in the battle and is shocked to learn that Macduff was not born of woman in the natural way but was "from his mother's womb untimely ripp'd." Macbeth loses all hope of survival, but he fights desperately till he is killed by Macduff who avenges the murder of his wife and children.

Macduff places Macbeth's head at the feet of Duncan's son, Malcolm, and proclaims Malcolm as King of Scotland.

Macbeth is among the greatest tragedies of Shakespeare.



THE TYRANT PUNDIT

Vishnudev was the court-pundit of King Shilabhadra. Somehow he had been able to impress the king deeply. No doubt, he had mastered many a scripture and knew how to argue well. But it was not with his pure scholarship that he kept the king pleased; he had mastered the subtle art of flattery and that was his chief means of pleasing the king.

Vishnudev kept all other scholars of the kingdom under a kind of terror. "When a king is defeated by another king, he has to pay a tributary tax to the victor. The same law should apply to the scholars. All of them should accept defeat before me and pay an annual tax to me. Those who refuse to

pay the tax should face me in a contest of learning," Vishnudev once told his disciples.

The disciples jumped at the idea. They carried the message to the prominent scholars of the kingdom. Many of them had already been defeated by Vishnudev. Others wished to avoid a quarrel with him. All paid up the tax quietly.

At times those disciples of Vishnudev who went to collect the taxes were quite rude to the scholars. But the scholars had to bear with the insult for the fear of the king.

Bharati Bhatta was an old scholar who lived in a remote village. Though immensely learned and wise, he was poor. He imparted education to dis-

ciples free of charge. In order to be left in peace, he paid the so called tributary tax to Vishnudev year after year.

One year a rude disciple of Vishnudev named Chanda arrived to collect the tax from Bharati Bhatta. The scholar was not at home. One of his young disciples named Sumanyu, who hated Vishnudev's practice of collecting the tax, told Chanda to his face, "Is it not a shame that your master should tyrannise over the peace-loving scholars? I am sure that my master is twenty times greater in scholarship than your master!"

"How dare you say so! Why is your master then afraid of facing my master?" shouted Chanda.

"My master just does not care! But if your master has the courage, let him face me!" said Sumanyu.

Chanda did not know whether to weep or to laugh at the boy's audacity. But Sumanyu insisted on accompanying him to the king's court. Chanda had no other go than to lead him there.

Sumanyu had no fear in facing the learned ones. He told without mincing words



that Vishnudev had no right to realise any tax from the scholars of the land. Many noblemen of the court who had no knowledge of this practice of Vishnudev now came to know about it.

Sumanyu's arrival in the court caused a sensation. Some of the courtiers took the boy to be mad. Others were amused. Vishnudev himself felt annoyed and embarrassed. But the king, desiring to see the fun, ordered for an argument between the two.

Vishnudev put some questions on grammar and rhetoric to Sumanyu. The boy answe-

red them correctly. The king and the courtiers looked impressed. Thereafter Vishnudev told the boy, "Now you can give any two statements which are commonly accepted as true. I can prove them to be untrue. If I cannot, it will be your chance to prove them to be untrue. If you can do that, I will accept defeat."

"Very good. Now here are two statements: King Shilabhadra is no sinner. Secondly, you are the greatest scholar in this kingdom. Come on. Prove these to be untrue," challenged Sumanyu.

Vishnudev kept quiet. A minute later he said, "Well, now I challenge you to prove your own statements to be untrue."

Said Sumanyu, "King Shilabhadra is a just and pious

king. But according to the scripture, *Manu Samhita*, a king shares one-sixth of the sins of his subjects, even though he commits no sin himself. Since there are always people who indulge in sinful acts, no king can be said to be above sins!"

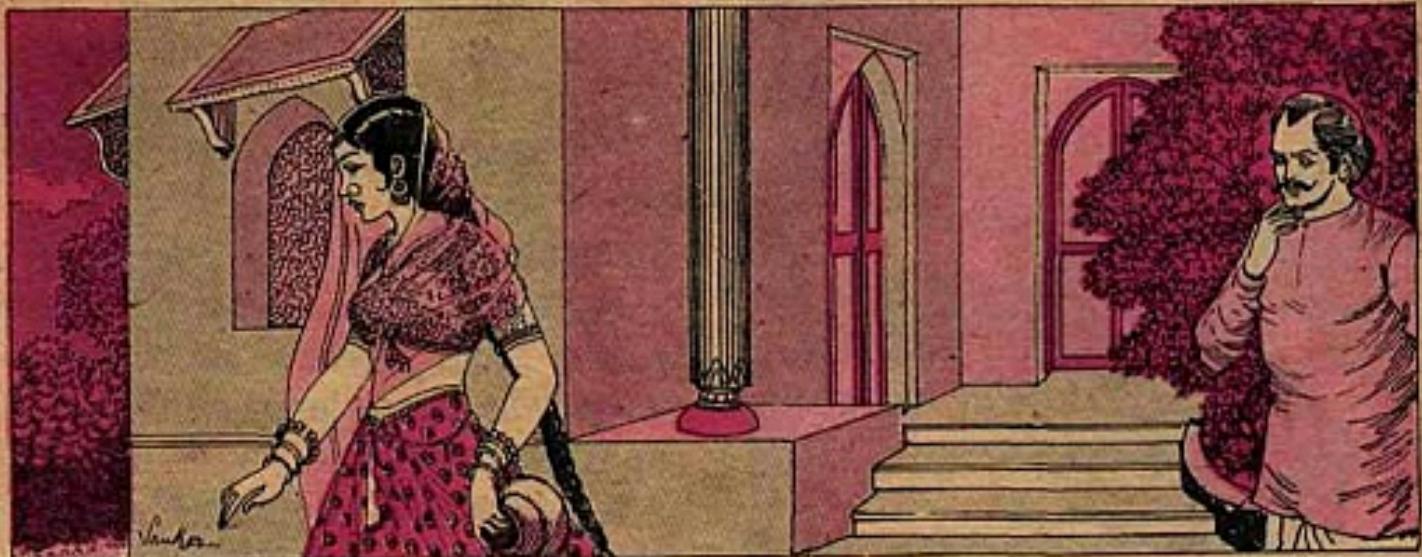
The courtiers clapped their hands in appreciation of Sumanyu's words.

"So far as contradicting my second statement is concerned, well, I have already shown that you are not the greatest scholar in the kingdom, by making you unable to contradict my statement," said Sumanyu.

The applause was even more tumultuous this time. Vishnudev left the court, feeling humiliated. Sumanyu received a handsome reward!

Scholars of the kingdom were spared of the tax!





VIRTUE MISUNDERSTOOD

Ratnakar, the merchant of Nandanpur, had a son named Ajit. Away in the city of Chitrawati was another merchant who had a daughter named Susheela. She was as beautiful as she was intelligent. At least that is what people who knew her told about her. Ratnakar believed such reports and got Ajit married to Susheela.

But in a few days he began wondering if what he did was right. At times Susheela's conduct seemed rather queer to him. But he was quite bewildered at what he observed one night. Susheela went out, after her husband had fallen asleep, towards the river, carrying an empty jar. She returned after

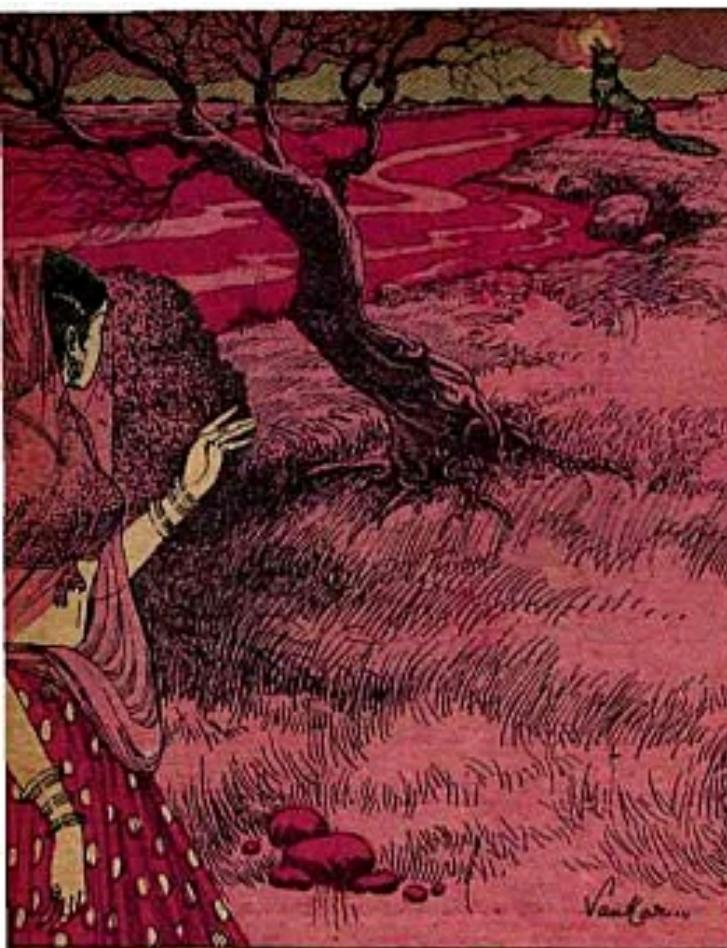
a while, the jar still empty.

"What is the matter, my daughter? If you went to fetch water at this unearthly hour, why did you return without it?" Ratnakar asked the young lady.

"Father, I went not to fetch water, but for something of much less worth. That is why I did not bring it," she replied.

Ratnakar kept quiet. But he was left in no doubt that there was something quite wrong with Susheela. He wanted to discuss his doubts with Ajit. But he could not do so while Susheela was in the house.

"I feel that Susheela should go over to her father's house for a few days. I am going to Chitrawati on business. Let



her accompany me. I shall leave her there. We shall arrange to bring her after some days," proposed Ratnakar.

Ajit did not understand why his father took such a decision. But he was not in the habit of arguing with him. He knew that Ratnakar was a prudent man and he must be having enough justification for his action.

Susheela was asked to follow Ratnakar. They must walk up to the next village where they could hire a cart for their travel.

They happened to pass by some fields teeming with lush crop.

"Excellent. The owner of these fields will become prosperous," observed Ratnakar.

"A man given to bad habits can hardly prosper," was Susheela's unexpected comment.

Ratnakar was surprised that a girl who speaks such nonsense was considered intelligent by some people.

No cart was available in the next village. They had to continue walking. By noon they passed through a small town rich with decent buildings. When they came to the end of the town, Ratnakar observed, "What a beautiful town!"

Pat came Susheela's reaction, "I have never seen a more ugly town!"

Ratnakar was shocked. "This lady should never find place in my house again," he told himself.

Soon they found a cart. The carter was willing to carry them to their destination. But he went into the town to bring some fodder for his bulls. Ratnakar lay down in the cart while Susheela relaxed outside, in the shadow of the cart.

A few yards away a crow was cawing repeatedly. Suddenly Ratnakar heard Susheela murmuring, "Don't tell me a

word more, you crow! Don't you see the consequence of my having paid attention to the jackal's message? I had to leave my husband's house. Maybe, if I listen to you, I will never be able to return to his house!"

Intrigued, Ratnakar got down and asked Susheela, "What do you mean by these words?"

"I mean what I told the crow. You see, because the sandal wood smells so good, it has to suffer rubbing. Because I have some unusual virtues, I have to suffer suspicion," replied Susheela.

"I fail to understand you, my daughter," said Ratnakar.

"I can understand the language of beasts and birds. One night I understood from the howling of a jackal that a packet of ornaments, tied to a timber, was floating in the river. I went out to collect the ornaments, carrying a jar with me. Upon collecting them I thought it wise not to carry them home at night. Anyone who saw them would raise several questions. So I buried them and returned with the empty jar. That made you suspicious about my conduct and you decided to leave me at my father's place," explained Susheela.

Ratnakar was surprised. But



he was yet to be sure about the truth of Susheela's words.

"And what did the crow tell you just now?" he asked.

"It informed me that there are two potfuls of gold buried under the tree yonder," replied Susheela.

Ratnakar found a spade in the cart. He dug the spot and found the pots.

Delighted at the discovery and impressed with Susheela, Ratnakar, as soon as the carter came, asked him to drive the cart back to his own home.

On the way they had to pass through the town.

"My daughter, why did you describe this town as ugly?" asked Ratnakar.

"The town is no doubt remarkable for its fine buildings. But although we passed through the main thoroughfare, I failed

to notice a single rest-house for travellers. The dwellers of the town have no consideration for visitors and passers-by. They are ugly at heart," explained Susheela.

A little later they saw the fields abounding in crop.

"What was the significance of your comment about the owner of these fields?" asked Ratnakar.

"When you observed that the owner of these fields is lucky, a crow said that he had fallen into the habit of drinking and gambling. I only translated what the crow said," explained Susheela.

Ajit was surprised to see them back home early in the night. Ratnakar reported to him his experience with Susheela on the way. Both were amazed and happy.





VEER HANUMAN

The city of Ayodhya remained festive for many days. Spontaneous and genuine was the happiness of the people of the entire land of Koshala.

Rama now devoted all his attention to the administration of the kingdom. A good deal of money was necessary to work out the plans he had in his mind for the welfare of his subjects. He called his minister, Sumantra, and enquired how much money was there in the treasury.

"My lord, the people have not paid their dues for last fourteen years," reported Sumantra.

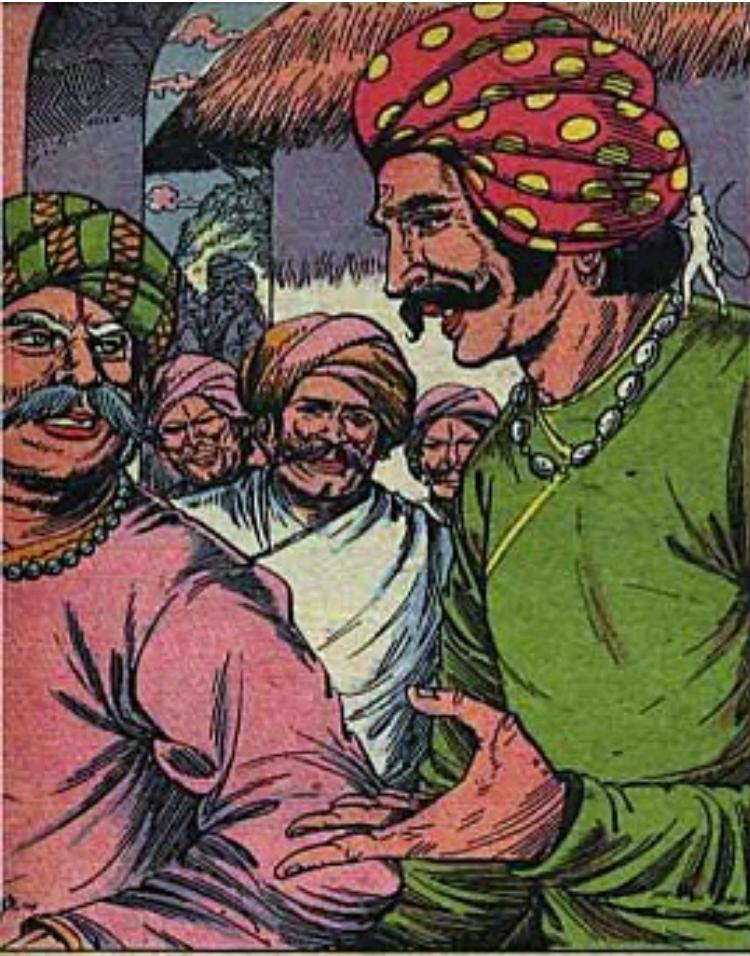
"They must have been in need. That is why they have not paid," observed Rama.

"No, my lord. There is no

dirth of anything in the kingdom. They have not paid simply because they have not been asked to pay. The wealthy ones neglected paying. Others followed suit. That is all," said Sumantra.

"How is it that Bharata did not look into the matter?" Rama asked, surprised.

"My lord, he was absorbed in thoughts concerning you. He had hardly any interest in anything else. Whoever met him and sang your glory returned with reward. If I raised the question of the unrealised dues, he advised me never to bother the people about it. He did not want anybody to feel even slightly wounded during your absence," explained Sumantra.



Rama understood the situation. "But how can we serve the people with an empty treasury?" he asked after a while.

While they were discussing the issue, Lakshmana arrived there. Said he, "Let us announce it by the beating of drums that all our wealthy subjects may be pleased to pay, in lieu of their arrears, gold equal to the weight of a pumpion-gourd. I am sure, the good people of Koshala would respond to the appeal quite happily."

Lakshmana's suggestion was accepted and announcement was made accordingly. Lakshmana knew well that the wealthy de-

faulters were in a position to pay much more than demanded of them. However, he requested Hanuman to wander in disguise and mark what the people said about the announcement. He wanted to be sure that nobody faced any hardship on account of the proposed step.

Hanuman went out and upon his return told Lakshmana, "People are showing happiness at the proposal. In fact, they rejoice at the fact that they are not required to pay any penalty for their default. It is quite easy for them to pay what is asked of them."

Yet Lakshmana could not rest totally satisfied. Maybe, there are people who have already paid their dues in full or in part. Maybe there are some who will find it difficult to pay so much gold although they will not grumble openly. How to make true justice prevail?

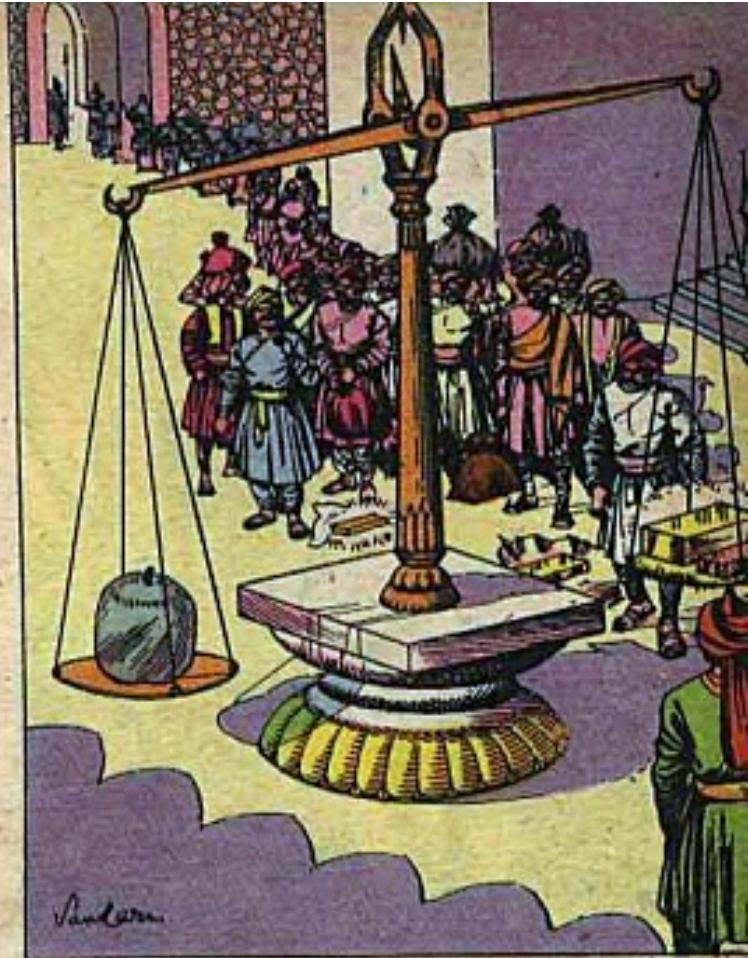
Lakshmana deeply reflected on this issue and interned himself inside the temple of Dharma, in the company of Hanuman. They meditated together and came out at sunset. Both looked bright. Lakshmana had no misgiving in his mind about the soundness of the decision.

A balance of an impressive size was set in front of the palace, the next morning. On one side of it was placed a pumpion-gourd. Soon people began to arrive there carrying with them bricks of gold. To everybody's great surprise it was noticed that the balance worked differently in each case. In certain cases, despite a lot of gold being placed against it, the fruit seemed heavier. In other cases, a little quantity of gold was enough to bring both the scales of the balance to a par.

It was quite clear that some other power was at work behind the balance. The fruit grew heavier if a man owed more gold to the royal treasury; it grew light when a man owed less or was truly incapable of paying enough.

The people in general were honest and those few who intended to go away paying less failed to do so on account of the mysterious conduct of the balance. Soon the royal treasury was filled to the brim.

When Rama was informed about strange phenomenon concerning the balance, he was intrigued. He called Lakshmana into his private conference chamber.



"How is it that the fruit proved quite heavy in certain cases? I hope nobody has been obliged to pay more than what he owed us," he said.

Lakshmana replied with folded hands, "No injustice has been done towards anybody. All was done under the direct guidance of Dharma. If anybody had to labour hard, he is Hanuman. He stood invisibly on the bar of the balance. An emanation sent by Dharma told him how much pressure he should give on a certain side. Hanuman and I had prayed to Dharma to do us this favour. Needless to say, there was not the slightest chance of any in-



justice being done to anybody when the whole operation was conducted by Dharma."

"What Lakshmana says is true. Whatever is done, it is done under my supervision," said a reassuring voice from above. It was Dharma's.

Hanuman who was invisibly present on the scene of this conversation turned visible and bowed to Rama. Rama was satisfied.

Some days later Rama proposed to entertain the people of his kingdom to a grand feast. It was Hanuman who took the lead in making the necessary arrangements. Various items were prepared in huge quanti-

ties. Hanuman had hardly any rest. Sita's motherly heart was stirred with pity. She said, "My child, you have to work still hard once the guests begin to arrive. I am afraid, you will find no time to eat. Better you eat first."

Hanuman, like an obedient child, followed Sita into the kitchen itself and sat down to eat.

Sita served Hanuman plen-tiously. But Hanuman finished everything quite fast. Sita filled the leaves again. He emptied them soon again. The process went on—Sita giving and Hanuman eating them up in no time!

Sita reported the matter to Rama. He smiled and said, "Do you take Hanuman to be a mere hero? He is an emanation of Lord Shiva. You cannot satisfy him with food alone. He can be appeased by prayer."

Sita entered the kitchen and stood behind Hanuman and prayed to Shiva, saying, "Who can ever please you with the offering of as material a thing as food? It is only your Grace for me that can please you. I appeal to your Grace!"

Sita then recited the hymn to Shiva.

Hanuman at once stood up thoroughly satisfied.

"Won't you have something more, son?" Sita asked him.

"No, mother, full is my tummy," replied Hanuman with gratitude.

Sita then prayed to Annapurna, the Divine Mother, to grant that her stock of food is not exhausted before the last guest had been entirely satisfied.

Soon began the feast. The Vanaras sat down to partake of the feast in a spacious hall of the palace.

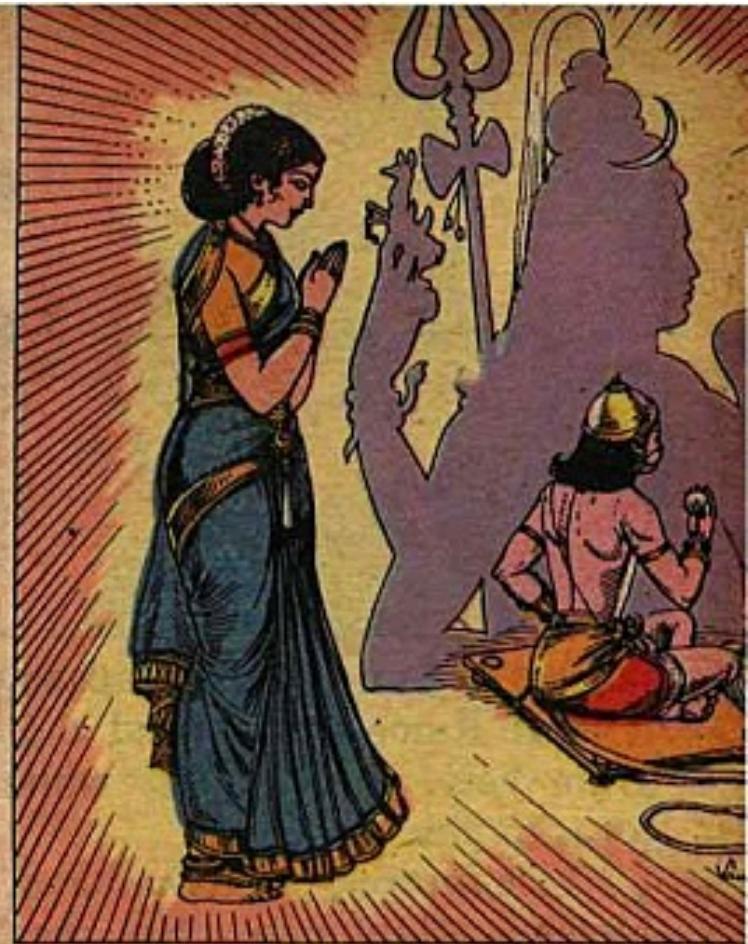
A young Vanara pressed his finger on a berry contained in one of the items. The seed of the berry slipped and shot up. That inspired the young Vanara to exclaim, "How dare you leap before me - a Vanara! Would you like to see how high can be my leap?"

The young Vanara at once leaped up. And his example so inspired the rest that many of them started jumping, each trying to surpass the others in the feat!

But Hanuman sat quiet. Soon Rama was attracted to the amusing scene.

"Why don't you join the sport?" he asked Hanuman.

"My capacity at jumping is



nothing in comparison with that of these heroes," replied Hanuman with true humility.

Hanuman's statement surprised Rama. But Jumbavan explained to him, "O Rama, Hanuman's strength is meant to be used only for some great cause, not otherwise. He will never feel inspired to jump just for fun."

Rama gave a white lotus to Hanuman and said, "This one is meant for Sun God. Who but you can carry it to him?"

"As you wish!" said Hanuman and he instantly took a mighty leap into the sky! Soon he caught hold of Sun God's chariot and placed the flower at



his feet and said, "O my master, it is at Rama's command that I am here, to offer this white lotus to you."

"Live forever," said Sun God, blessing Hanuman. He then accepted the white lotus, but giving it back to Hanuman, said, "Offer this to Rama on my behalf. This will ensure peace and prosperity in his kingdom."

Hanuman understood that the white lotus would never fade.

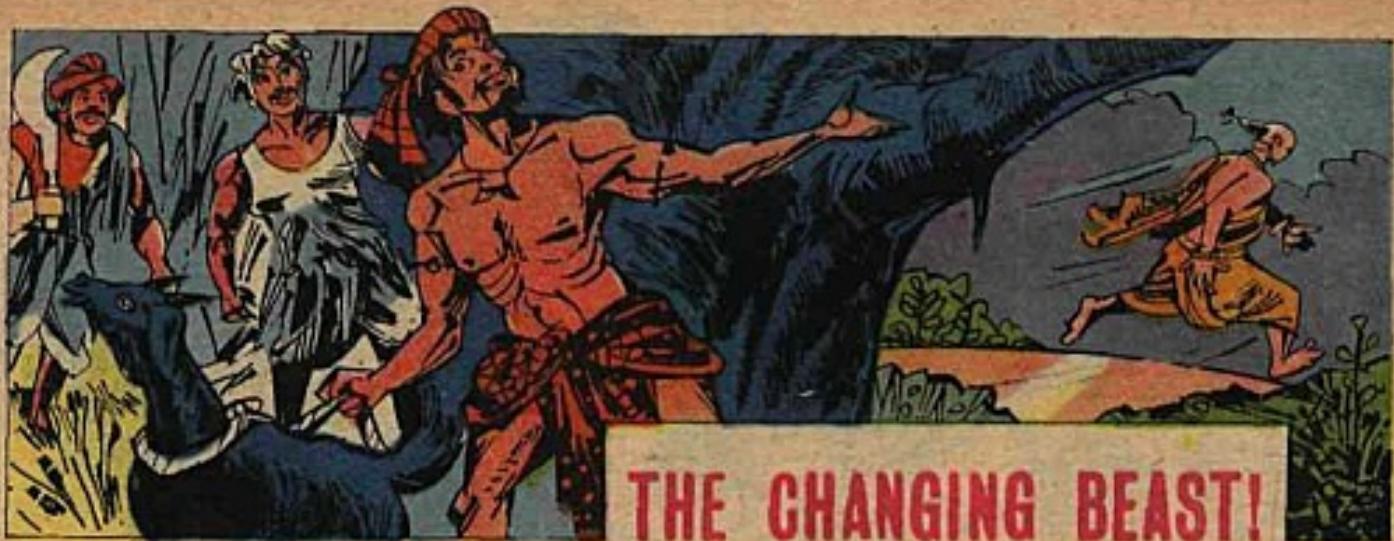
Its presence in the kingdom would make the seasons run smoothly and keep the people free from ailments. Also, the land will abound in a variety of crops.

Hanuman returned to Rama and offered him the flower. Rama embraced him. As Hanuman prostrated himself to Rama and Sita, uttered Sita, "My son, live forever!"

Contd.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





THE CHANGING BEAST!

A Tale from the Panchatantra

There was a pious Brahmin who desired to perform a *Yajna*. He needed a goat to be sacrificed in the fire rite. Being poor, he could not afford to buy one. He went to a rich man who lived a few miles away and who owned a number of goats, cows and lambs. "Be pleased to part with a goat, for, I will need the same for my *Yajna*," the Brahmin told the rich man. The request was instantly complied with. The Brahmin was given the freedom to choose the goat he would like to take.

The Brahmin chose a bonny goat and carried it on his shoulder. That was a strong animal which did not seem to enjoy the ride. It struggled to free itself and the Brahmin had a tuff time keeping it under control.

Three loafers observed the

Brahmin and the goat. They whispered to each other and parted.

"I bow to you, O good Brahmin. And you are the only Brahmin I have ever known who likes carrying dogs on his shoulder," said the first loafer, appearing before the Brahmin.

"But I am carrying no dog! This is a goat!" replied the Brahmin angrily.

"Take care of your wit, Brahmin! How do I care if you love to call a dog a goat!" angrily commented the loafer and he went away.

The Brahmin had taken a few more steps when the second loafer greeted him and said, "Good God! What makes you carry a donkey?"

"Donkey? What is wrong with your eyes? Am I not carrying a bonny goat?"



answered the Brahmin haughtily.

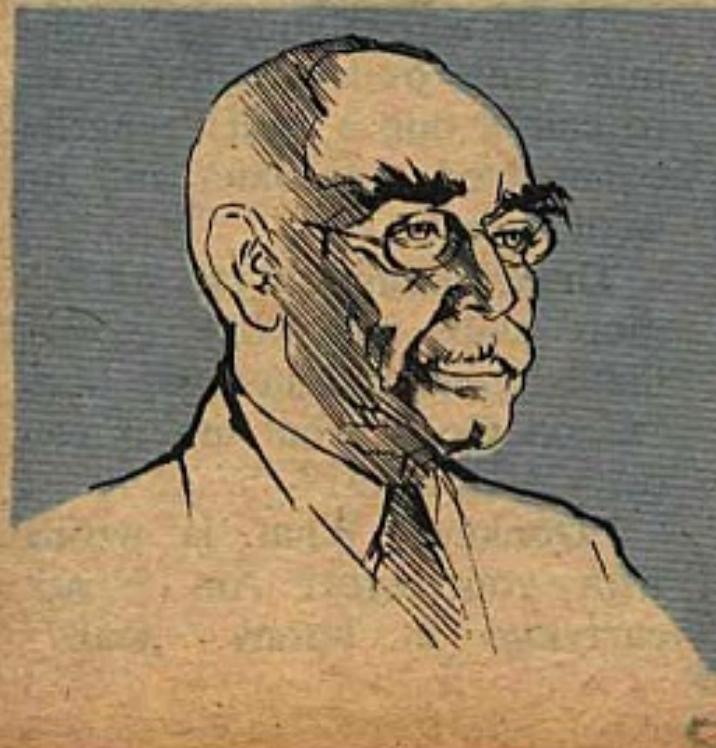
"Call a donkey a goat, if you so please!" commented the loafer, shrugging his shoulder.

Hardly had he gone a furlong farther when the third loafer met him. "O noble priest, what penance are you doing by carrying a dead calf on your shoulder? I feel like weeping at your predicament!"

Suddenly a shiver ran through

the Brahmin's spine. "What kind of creature is this which can appear like a goat to me, but like a dog, a donkey and a dead calf to three other fellows? It must be an evil spirit that has assumed the form of a beast!" he thought and threw away the goat and ran away.

The three loafers led the goat to their den. I need hardly say what they did with it!



Nobel-Prize winner writer Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) was at one time earning a shilling on the average for each word he wrote. Some students of the Oxford University sent him a shilling along with this message: "Will you please send us one of your words for which the value is sent?"

"Thanks," came the reply from Kipling.

A WITTY ENCOUNTER

In a certain village lived two friends, Vir and Dhir, who considered themselves quite witty. What the villagers thought about them is a different matter!

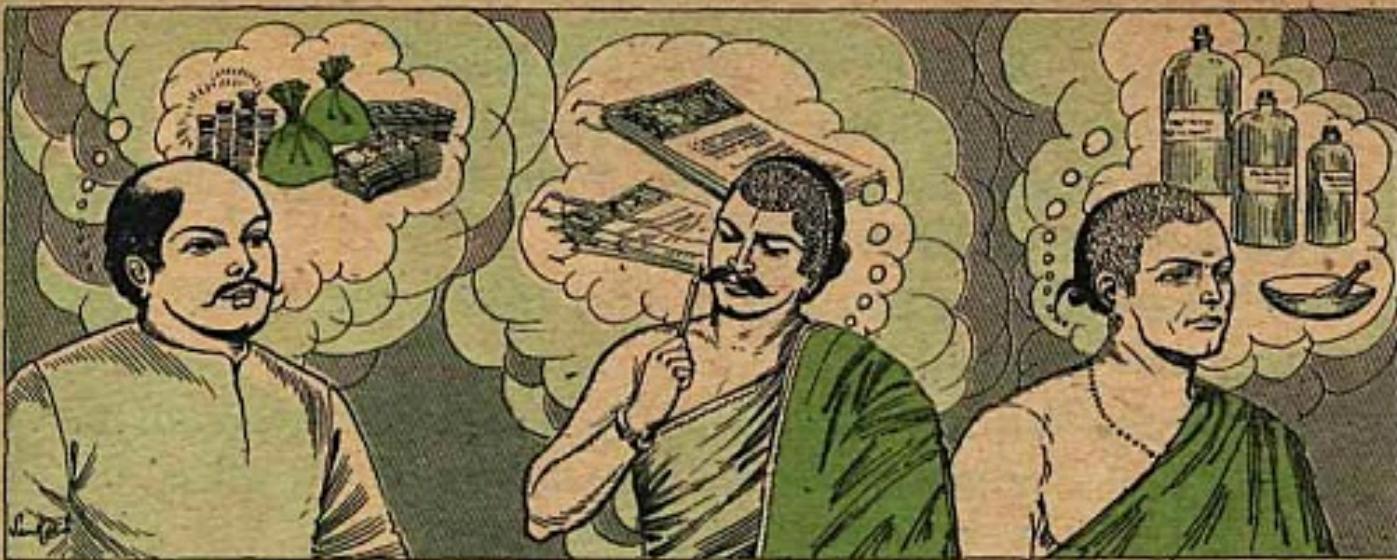
"What are you carrying in that bag?" Vir asked Dhir as they met on the road.

"If you can say what is in it, I will give away all the eggs to you," promised Dhir. Vir thought for a while, but conceded failure to make the guess.

"Well, I have eggs in it. But if you can correctly guess how many are there, I will give away both the eggs to you," proposed Dhir next.

Vir thought for a while again, but confessed, "It is impossible to answer the question."





THE CLEVER TRIO

The people of Sobhanagar were good-natured but poor. Queer though it might sound, they were quite happy to be poor! For, they had been told that to be rich was a botheration.

And, who do you think had told the people so? The three rich men of the village—Prabhudas, the village headman, Jeevan, the physician and Raichand, the money-lender.

Prabhudas quoted false laws and whenever two parties quarrelled, he swindled both.

Going to diagnose people's sickness, Jeevan was never tired to uttering lies. He would give a bombastic name to an ordinary ailment and would declare that rare herbs were necessary for preparing the medicine. The patients would be obliged to

pay heavily.

So far as Raichand was concerned, his method of exploitation was simpler. He charged excessively heavy interest.

Once while Prabhudas was not at home, his son fell sick. Prabhudas's wife called Jeevan. The physician examined the young man, made a grave face and told the anxious mother, "My sister, to be frank, it is a serious case. However, I promise to do my best. I have to mix an ounce or two of gold dust with the medicine. I will charge nothing as my fees, all you have to do is to . . ."

Even before the physician had completed his sentence, Prabhudas's wife took out one of her costly gold bangles and offered it to the physician. Just then,

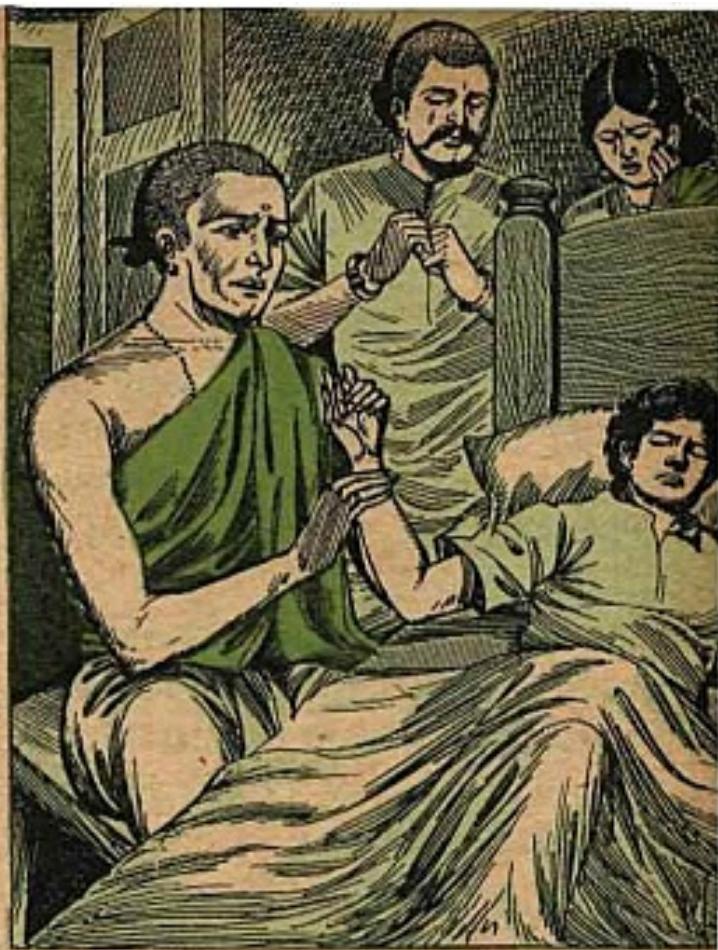
Prabhudas returned home. Experienced in the ways of the world that he was, he could at once understand that his wife was being duped. But he could not say a word looking at her weeping face. If tears came to his eyes too, it was because he saw his wealth reduced by a gold bangle!

The physician soon prepared the medicine which, he claimed, contained gold dust. The young man was not out of his suffering immediately, but he was much better in a week's time.

"Ha! Ha! My medicine could not have failed him," said the physician boastfully.

"Ha! Ha!! I too will not fail to teach you a lesson!" thought Prabhudas, though he did not utter a word.

A few days later Prabhudas had a confidential talk with Raichand who was Jeevan's neighbour. One night Jeevan came running to Prabhudas and cried out, "My friend! There has been a burglary in my house. Some utensils are stolen. But I don't mind that. What is a much bigger loss to me is a document which had been executed by my late sister. She had bestowed her property on my daughter. The landlord has



agreed to my proposal for his son to marry my daughter because my daughter will inherit that property. What am I to do if the document is lost?"

"I understand the situation, brother, but it is rumoured that the document you speak of is a false one. You prepared it while your heirless widow sister was in her death bed. In fact, you put the impression of her finger in the document after she was dead!" said Prabhudas.

"Do not believe in such rumours. The document is genuine. But how can my daughter marry the landlord's son in absence of that document?

How can I win the property from the clutch of my sister's husband's cousins without that document?" asked the physician with great agony.

"You can't. But why not forget of the landlord's son? I have a son who is in no way inferior to the landlord's," said Prabhudas.

Lest the physician should still hesitate to accept the proposal, Prabhudas whispered to him a plan whereby he could possess a pukka building.

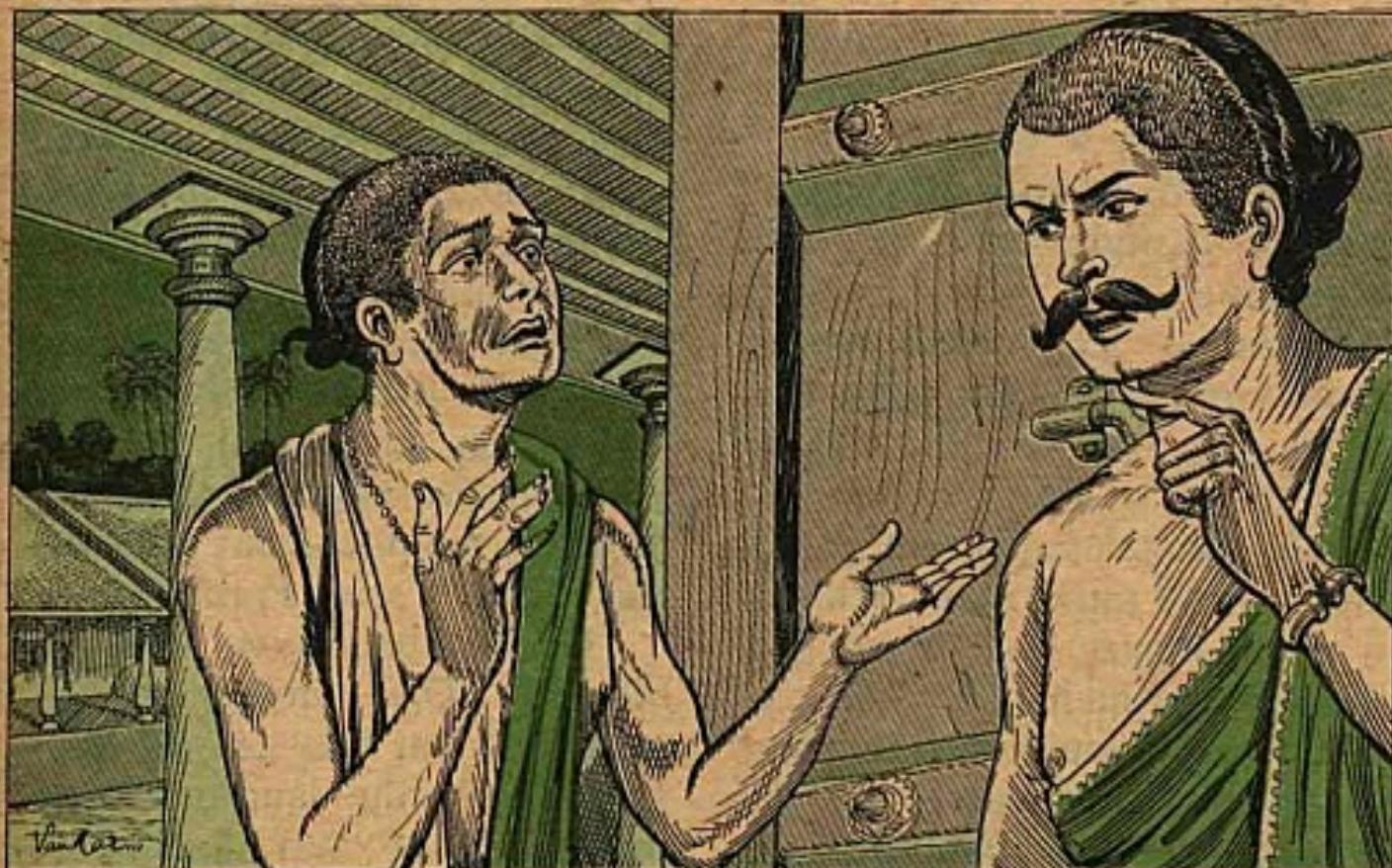
The physician was excited with the proposal. The very next night, his house was on fire. Nobody knew that all his valuables had been shifted to

Prabhudas's house before the fire broke out.

The villagers collected and they did their best to extinguish the fire, but to no avail. Jeevan, followed by his wife and daughter, proclaimed that he was leaving the village.

"All my life I have served the people of this village. But tonight some villagers set my house on fire. Why should I continue to live here?" he said with great agony.

"Jeevan! Please listen to me. I am sure all the villagers will agree with me that you have been our saviour. If you go away, we will be left in the lurch. Who will take care of



our health? Your departure will be catastrophic to us," said Prabhudas.

"Our headman is right. Please do not leave us," the villagers pleaded with him.

"But how am I to live without a house?" asked Jeevan.

"Do not worry on that account, Jeevan. We the villagers certainly owe a house to you—a pukka house at that. What do you say, my friends? Should we not all contribute according to our capacity to the building of a house for our dear physician?" asked Prabhudas.

"We must. Only problem is, we do not have enough money with us at this time of the year,"

said the people.

"What for am I here then?" said Raichand loudly. "I am ready to lend you money. Feel free to tell me how much each one of you will like to donate for this very noble cause!"

The villagers borrowed from Raichand, to pay him back with adequate interest later and gave generously to the physician's building-fund. In a few months Jeevan got a nice new house.

And his son's marriage with Prabhudas's daughter was duly performed.

Another few months passed. One day Prabhudas met Jeevan and said, "My friend, the document you had lost has come to



my possession. In fact I bought it from the burglars paying them a thousand rupees. I can now claim your sister's property for my daughter-in-law."

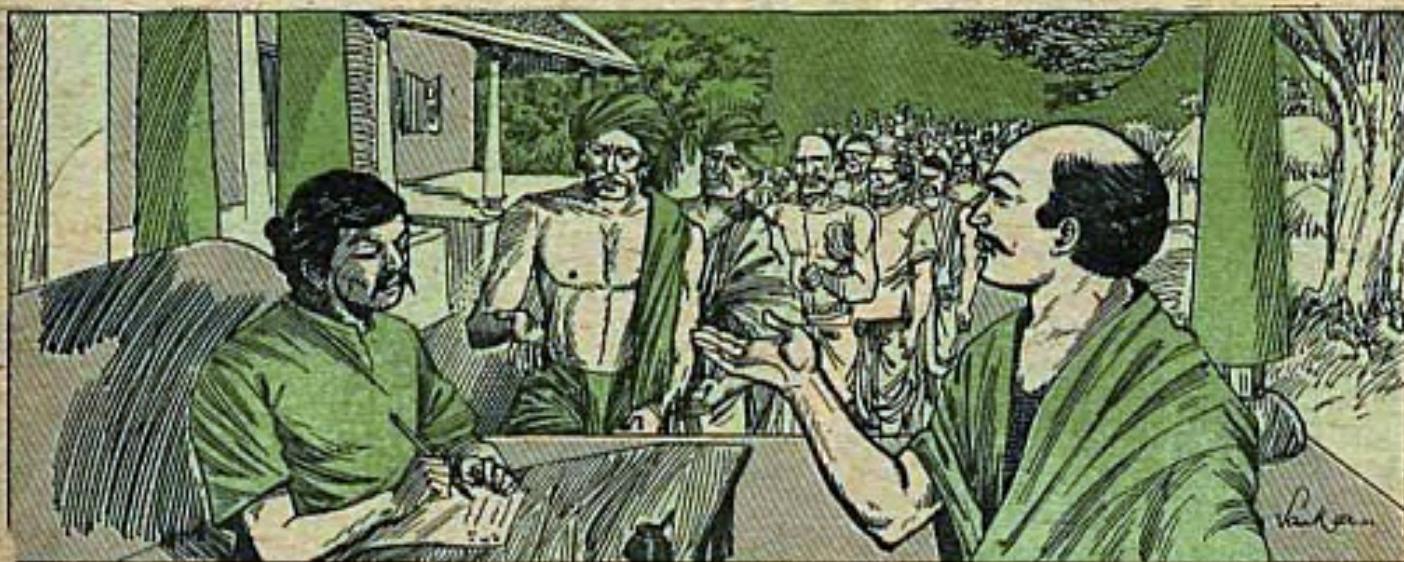
Suddenly a painful suspicion crept into Jeevan's mind. "I am afraid, the burglar was none other than this fellow. He had stolen away the document. Now that my daughter is married to his son, he has come out with it," he thought. Instantly his mind was filled with hatred for Prabhudas. He kept quiet.

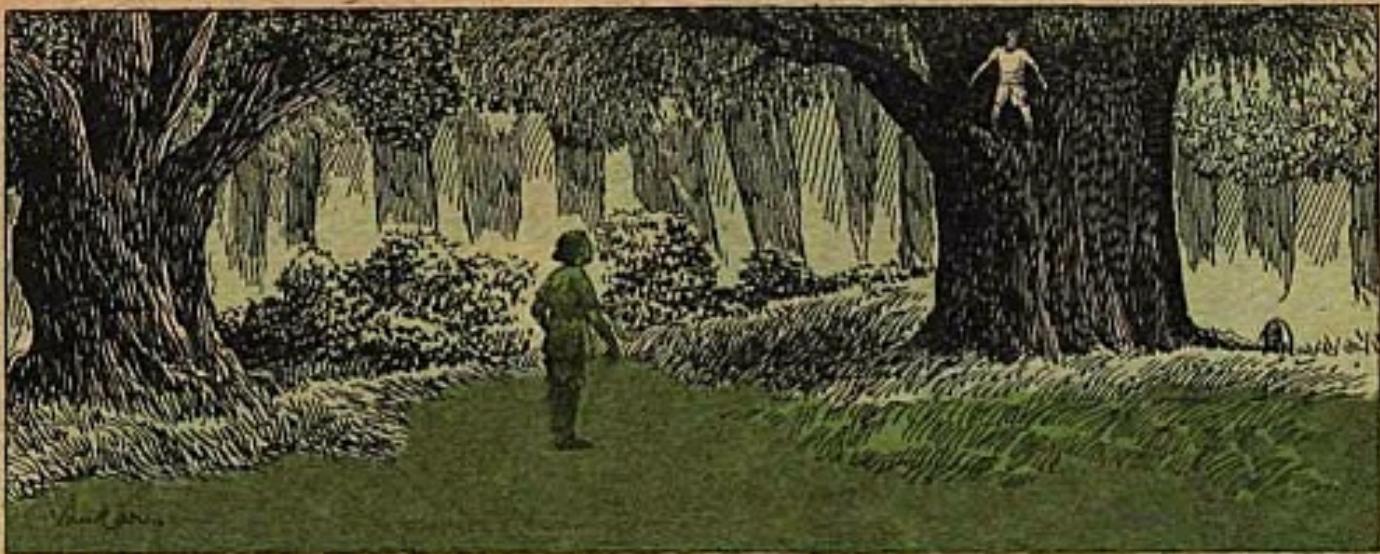
The same day he met the cousins of his late sister's husband and confessed to them that the document which Prabhudas was going to produce was fake. Soon a quarrel broke out between Raichand and Prabhudas. "A part of the interest you will receive from the villagers should come to me, for

it is I who created the situation for which the villagers had to borrow from you," Prabhudas insisted.

"I burgled my neighbour Jeevan's house under your advice. I put fire to his house at the advice of both yourself and Jeevan. I have sinned so much on your account. Is that not enough that I must give you a part of my profit?" asked Raichand.

The quarrel among the three soon became public. The misdeeds of all the three were exposed. The villagers united against them and the treacherous trio had to apologise to all. The villagers elected a new headman and they borrowed money from a cooperative fund. Soon they had a new physician among them too, a truthful one.





Tale of A Stormy Night

By the side of the long road stood a solitary hut. It was a stormy night. Three travellers, at the intervals of a few minutes, climbed the veranda of the hut and stood there, waiting for the rain to subside. But far from subsiding, the rain seemed to be increasing in its ferocity.

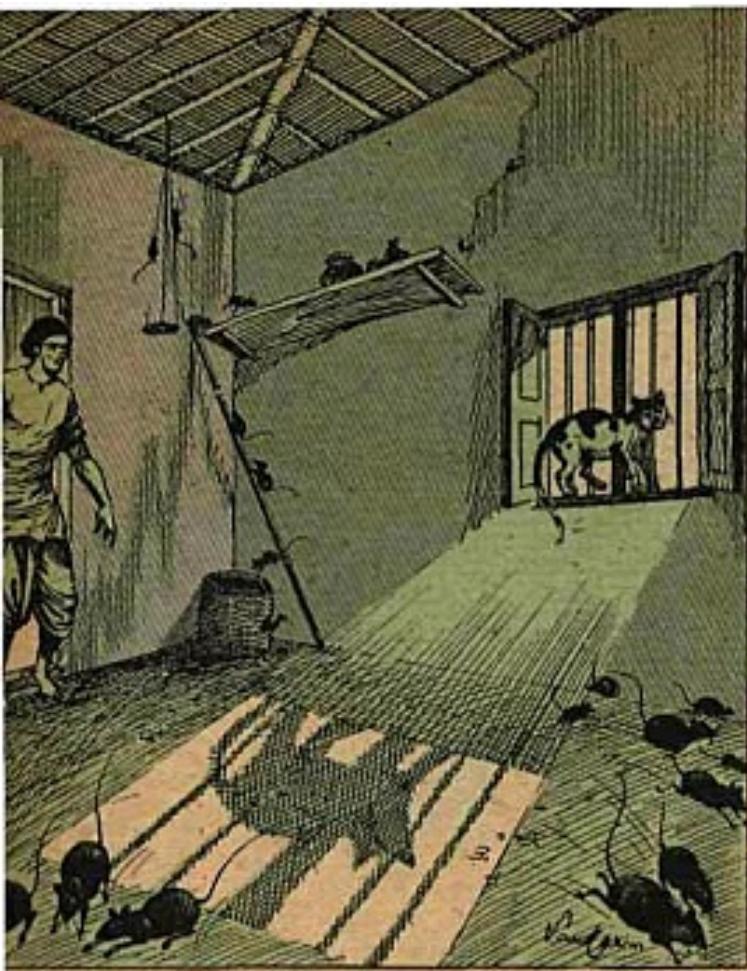
The hut belonged to an old woman who lived in it alone. The travellers sought her permission to spend the night in her hut.

"People call my hut a haunted house and shun it. But you are most welcome to pass the night here," said the old woman.

"I do not believe in ghosts," said the first traveller and he

continued: Years ago I was passing through a village, on my way to the town. I had an urgent work and I decided to walk on at night. But the villagers warned me that it would not be wise to do so, for, on the way there was a cremation ground and near that stood an old banian tree which was the dwelling of a notorious ghost.

But I did not care. In due course, I came across the banian tree. I could see a white figure standing on the tree. Panic overtook me for a moment; but I got over the feeling and continued to advance. In a shrill voice the figure asked me to stop. But I shouted in a



more shrill voice, "Well, well, who are you? I am the ghost who lived in this tree. I went out on a tour. Who are you to occupy my tree in the meanwhile?"

The fellow who was on the tree got nervous. He fell down. I carried him to the village and exposed him to the villagers. The fellow used to pretend as ghost and terrorise passers-by. When the passers-by swooned away, he took away their belongings.

The second traveller narrated his story: It happened five years ago. I was transferred to a town where it was difficult

to find a lodge. On the outskirts of the town stood an abandoned house. It was rumoured that at night people could see a shadow dancing inside the house and could hear the sound of the tiny bells of its dancing feet.

I braved into the house. It was a moonlit night. I found the shadow of a tree swaying in the breeze giving the impression of a ghost dancing inside. The house abounded in rodents. A cat with bells fitted to its feet was chasing them. That produced the tinkling sound. I lived in that house and the people of the locality rewarded me handsomely, for, they thought that I drove away the ghost!

Said the third traveller: I agree with your observations. There are no ghosts anywhere at all. Once, in our village itself, a girl was said to be possessed by a ghost. Even expert exorcists failed to rid her of the ghost. I confronted her and threatened her, saying, "I am going to take you to the town for treatment. There you will be awfully tortured." She confessed that she was only pretending to be possessed because her parents were going



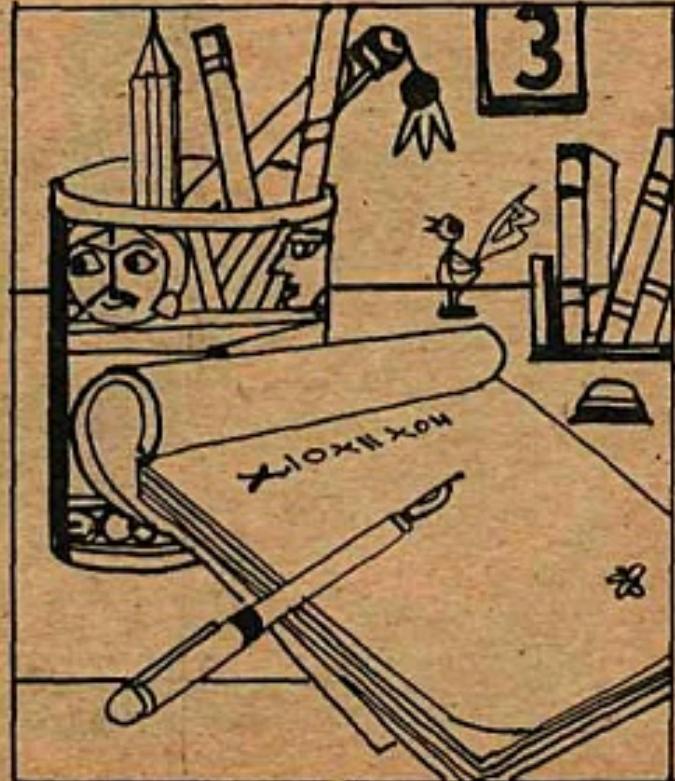
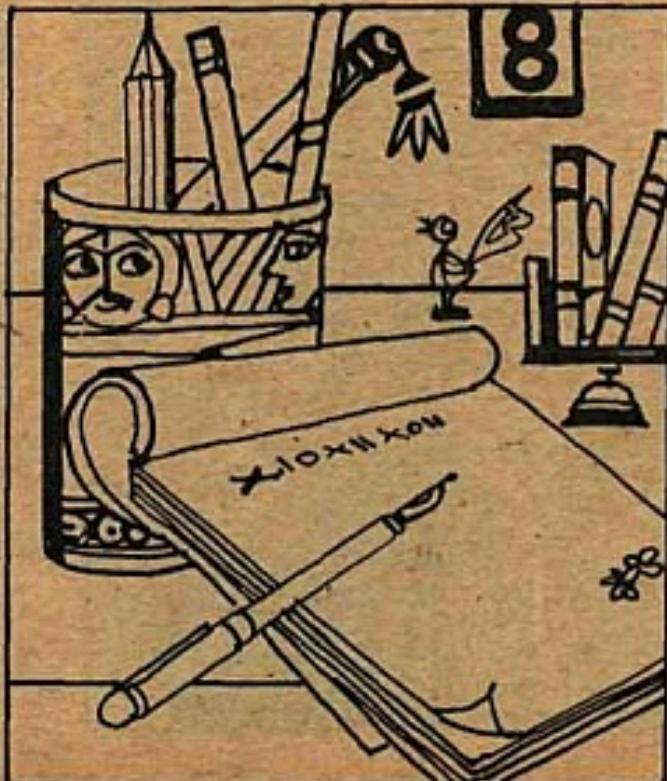
to give her away in marriage with an old man. I managed to foil her parents' scheme and married the girl myself. Needless to say, she has made a fine wife.

To each one of their stories, the old woman who sat in a

corner said, "Good, my son."

It was midnight. The three travellers fell asleep. They woke up in the morning only to look agape at each other. There was no hut, no old woman. They were lying beside a cremation ground!

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



MATTER OF A MOMENT

Once an old Brahmin followed all the directions given in the scriptures for invoking Lord Brahma and passed a long time doing so. Brahma appeared before him at last.

"Lord! You took such a long time to come to me!" murmured the Brahmin.

"I came the moment I heard your prayer. But, of course, a moment as we Gods understand it is equal to twelve years in the life of the human beings."

"I see. Tell me, Lord, what is the value of a rupee of Gods in human standard?" asked the Brahmin.

"A crore of rupees," replied Brahma.

"God! Be pleased to give me just a rupee of yours!" pleaded the Brahmin.

Brahma seemed rather worried. "See, son, generally devotees ask me for some spiritual benefit. I was not prepared to meet such a demand. Wait, I will return with the coin in a few moments." Brahma disappeared.

It was too late for the Brahmin to realise how many years "a few moments" of Brahma might mean.



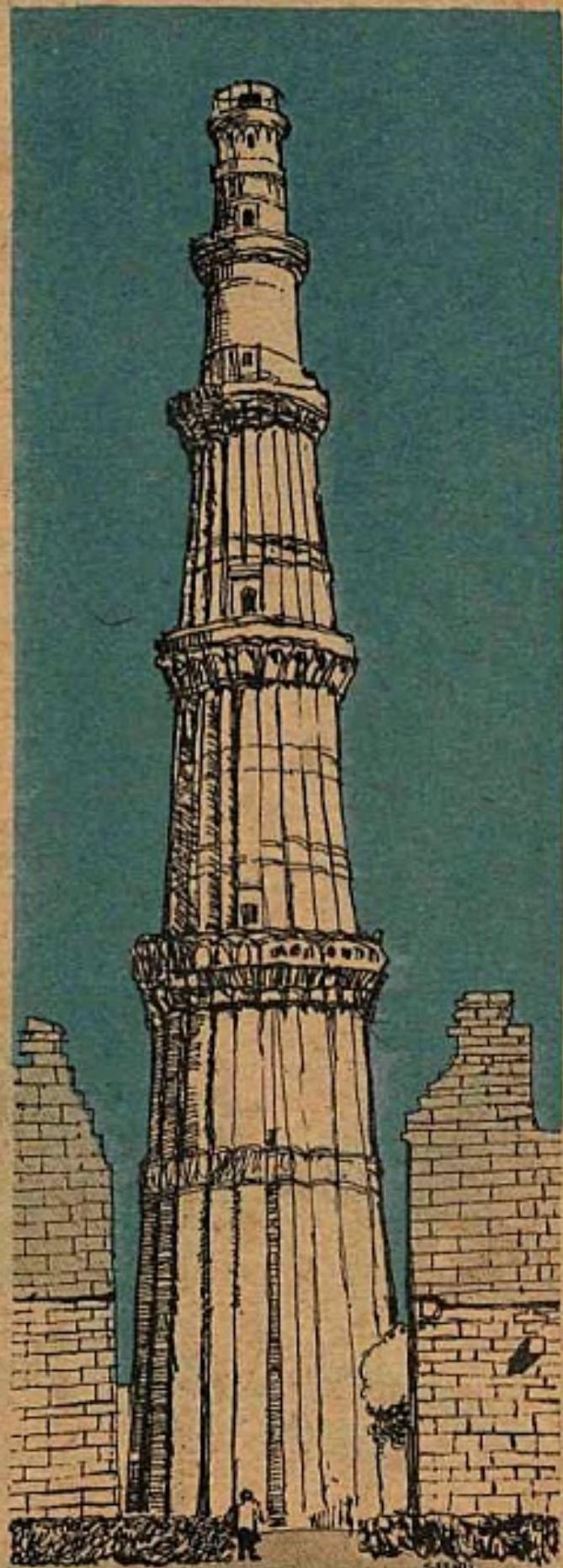
MONUMENTS OF INDIA

QUTB MINAR

On the outskirts of Delhi, India's age-old capital, stands this impressive *minar* or turret. 234 feet high, it dwarfs all the numerous buildings around it. 367 steps lead to its roof.

It was Sultan Qutb-ud-din Aibak, the first Muhammadan ruler of Delhi, who began the construction of this monument in 1199. The work was carried on by Sultan Iltutmish and was completed soon after him.

Whether the *Minar* has been named after Qutb-ud-din Aibak or a saint from Ush who lies buried there is difficult to say.



THE CASE OF THE SINGER COCK

The cock, Chanticleer, was so proud of his own voice that when a sly fox asked him to sing with his eyes closed, he was too ready to oblige the listener. But as soon as he closed his eyes, the fox pounced upon him and carried him away. People chased the fox. The cock advised him to tell them that their effort was futile. The fox opened his mouth to speak. The cock slipped away. From the tree top he confessed his blunder in closing his eyes when he should have kept them wide open ! The fox confessed his blunder in opening his mouth when he should have kept it close shut !

The cock did not know that he could not sing, but only crow. But we ought to know about the sounds made by the birds, now that we have known about the animals.

Cock	crows	Hen	cackles
Cuckoo	coos	(or Goose)	
(or Dove or Pigeon)		Owl	hoots
Duck	quacks	Parrot	screeches
Eagle	screams	Robin	chrips
(or Seagull)		(or Sparrow)	





LET US KNOW

"I would like to know the history of the Peacock Throne."

Usha Rao, Calcutta.

At the order placed by Emperor Shah Jahan (1628-58), a renowned jeweller of Agra, Bebadal Khan, made the famous Peacock Throne.

It took seven years for the work on the throne to be completed and it cost about Rs. 1,50,00,000.00 even in those days.

It had the figures of two magnificent peacocks, with tails spread out, standing behind the seat. The figures were inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls and other such precious stones which could represent the natural colours of the peacocks.

The throne looked like a bedstead on golden legs. Its picturesque canopy was supported by twelve emerald pillars. It seems, apart from the two peacocks at the back, each of these pillars too showed a pair of peacocks with a diamond-studded tree in the background.

The throne was unrivalled in its splendour. Royal ambassadors and rulers of other lands marvelled at it. It was placed in the Diwan-i-Am of the Red Fort, Delhi.

Nadir Shah, the Persian invader, carried away the throne to his country in 1739, along with 30 crores of rupees in cash, a huge quantity of valuables including the famous Koh-i-noor diamond and 1,000 elephants, 7,000 horses, 10,000 camels and many human beings! Soon thereafter Nadir Shah went mad and was murdered. It is not known what happened to the Peacock Throne.

(Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.)

CHOOSE A TITLE AND WIN A REWARD

(You are invited to choose a title for the following story and write it down on a post card and mail it to 'Story-title Contest', Chandamama, 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras-600 026, to reach us by 20th of April. A reward of Rs. 25-00 will go to the best entry, which will be published in the June '78 issue. Please do not use the same card for entering the Photo-Caption Contest).



Once upon a time there lived a celebrated physician. So many people came to consult him that he found it difficult to see them all. He made his brother-in-law sit at the gate and admit only those who deserved to see him.

An old man wished to meet the physician. "What is your ailment?" asked the brother-in-law. "I have pain in my knees," replied the old man. "That is due to age," commented the brother-in-law. "But I have pain in my back too." "That too is due to old age." "And I cannot see properly." "Same is the cause, old fellow, it is your age. You need not see the physician."

The old man started shouting. "You fool, you bluff, you stupid, you must let me see the physician." "Your anger too is due to your age, you need not see the physician," was the brother-in-law's reply.

The old man suddenly began raining blows on the brother-in-law.

"Stop, stop, you young man, you can certainly see the physician," cried out the brother-in-law and he let the man go in.

Result of Story Title Contest held in February Issue

The prize is awarded to:

Miss Shanti Ernest,

X Standard, St. Francis Xavier's Girls' High School,
Promenade Road, Bangalore-560 005.

Winning Entry—"A LITTLE PLUCK, A LOT OF LUCK"

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions ? Could be single words, are several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 20th APRIL.
- Winning captions will be announced in JUNE issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to :

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS - 600 026

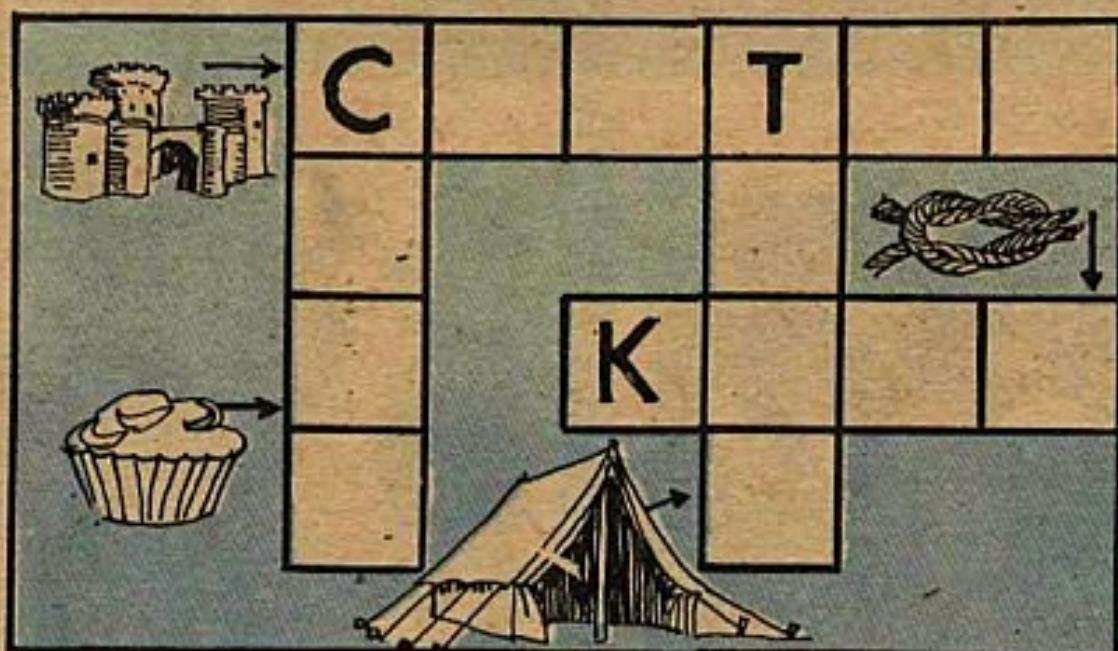
Result of Photo Caption Contest held in February Issue

The prize is awarded to:

Miss Bala Rajyam, C/o. Mr. R. Suryanarayana,
Dr. Pundols Bungalow, 1317, J. M. Road,
Poona 411 005.

Winning Entry—'Reflected Admiration'—'Admired Reflection'

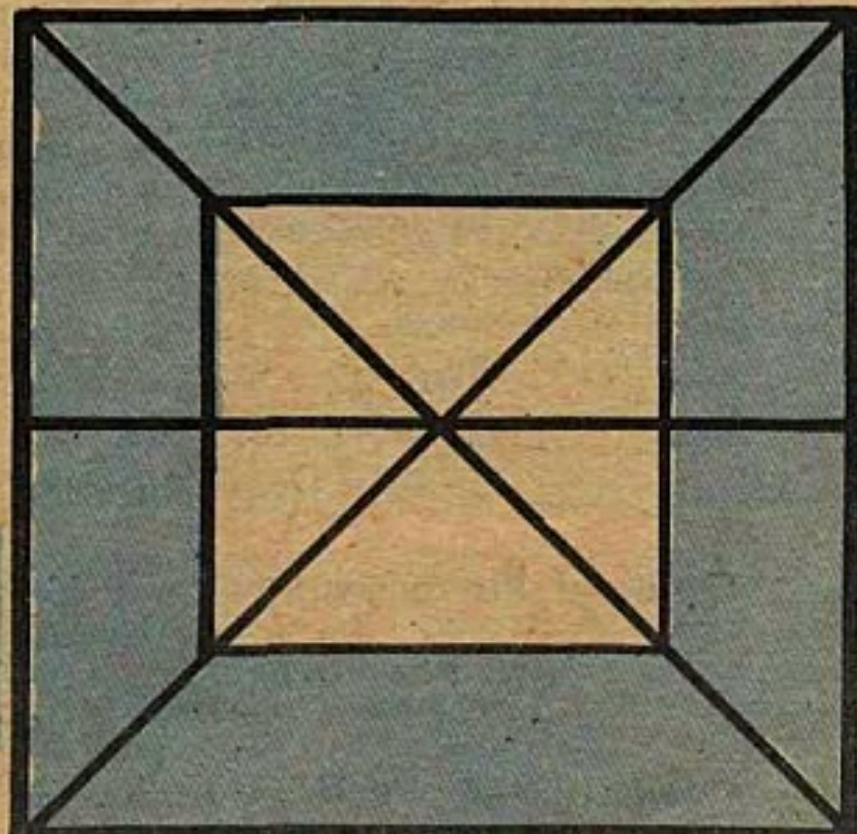
PUZZLE TIME



See if you can complete this word puzzle, placing your answers in the spaces shown by the arrows.

There are lots of triangles in the square pictured here, so look very carefully and see how many of them you can find.

ANSWERS:
Cake, Castle, Tent, Knot
24 Triangles





PARLE

POPPINS Fruity Sweets

5 fruity flavours—
Raspberry, Pineapple,
Lemon, Orange and Lime



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TELUGU - Daily
1430 to 1530 hrs

KANNADA - Daily
1400 to 1430 hrs

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6075 KHZ (49 M)

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